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A Memoir

OF THE LATE

MR. WILLIAM GADSBY,

UPWARDS OF THIRTY-EIGHT YEARS PASTOR OF THE BAPTIST CHAPEL, ST. GEORGE'S-ROAD, MANCHESTER,

COMPILED FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

TOGETHER WITH

HIS SPEECH

DELIVERED AT THE SUNDAY SCHOOL, ST. GEORGE'S-ROAD, ON NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1844.

AND

A BRIEF DELINEATION OF HIS CHARACTER, &c.

MANCHESTER:
J. GADSBY, NEWALL'S-BUILDINGS, MARKET-STREET.
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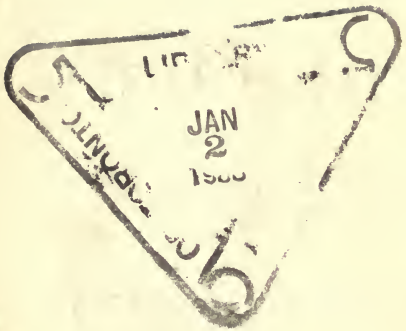
R. GROOMBRIDGE, 5, PATERNOSTER-ROW.
1844.



MANCHESTER:
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PREFACE.

It is much to be regretted that Mr. Gadsby did not commit to writing a Memoir of his own life and experience. The ordinary incidents of life indeed may, so far as they can be recovered, be traced by another hand; but whose pen can adequately describe *experience* but the author's own?

Several circumstances seem to have concurred to prevent him being his own biographer. One, and perhaps the most prevalent of them, was the long mental affliction of his partner in life. He could not write an honest and faithful account of his experience after this severe visitation without introducing many circumstances closely connected with this, as he often termed it, "torturing" affliction. Many papers too were either lost or destroyed through her peculiar propensity to put out of the way whatever was most valued by him; and as nothing could be locked up without exciting the very disposition which it was most desirable to repress, he could commit nothing to paper without the fear of its too soon being consigned to the fire.

He felt too, and has been heard to express, that an account of experience should be perfectly faithful in order to be really what it professes to be. And this he knew was in most cases nearly impossible. The deliverances are more easily told than the holes and bogs out of which the deliverance comes;

and though mercifully preserved from outward slips or falls, he knew that to tell all the holes and corners into which he had been, and out of which he had been from time to time graciously delivered, would be a record to be blushed over.

He doubtless considered, too, that from his published writings and reported sermons, his experience was already sufficiently known. He was no unknown and obscure Christian. During the many years that he had stood upon the walls of Zion, he had preached some thousands of sermons, and had visited most parts of England. His experience too had often been related from the pulpit, and was familiar to very many hearers; and, therefore, he might have considered it unnecessary to commit it to writing.

His engagements, too, and labours in the ministry, were very numerous, and gave him little time for writing; and, towards the close of his life, his increasing bodily infirmities rendered the needful exertion a burden.

It might, too, have been with him as with other authors—he delayed writing his experience till it was too late. Many designs have been frustrated by that subtle thief of time—procrastination; and it is not impossible that he might at times have designed to do what he was not suffered to perform, and what we are now attempting to do for him.

Whether the reasons we have assigned, some of which he has been heard to express, were substantially such as *should have* operated to stop his pen from the often-requested task, we will not venture to decide. It is sufficient that *they did so* operate; and that we are thus deprived of a Memoir which none but himself could have executed.

The present Memoir, therefore, can be considered but an imperfect substitute for one traced by his own hand—a collection

of scattered fragments gleaned up from various sources, instead of a compact, harmonious whole, such as only he himself could have produced. It was with us but a choice of difficulties; either to allow all the particulars of his early life to be utterly lost, and his experience to be gleaned up here and there from his published works, or to record what might yet be recovered of his early days, and to throw together the scattered fragments of his experience. The latter course seemed preferable, and to it this Memoir is owing.

The sources from which we have drawn up the following pages we think right briefly to mention, that the stamp of authenticity may rest upon them. Little or nothing has been derived from any but the most trustworthy sources; and we have taken pains to verify as much as possible what information was traditional or conjectural.

Our materials for the compilation of the Memoir before the reader were as follows:

1. Personal inquiry from the surviving friends of his early life, and more especially from an only remaining sister, is the principal source of information for his early days. A visit was paid for this express purpose to the spot of his birth, where his sister still lives, and the information thus obtained was taken down at the time in writing, and checked and verified from other sources, such as what he has at times mentioned in his own family and to his friends. As many of these events have at times been mentioned by him from the pulpit and in familiar conversation among his family and friends, we think we have a sufficient guarantee for their truth and authenticity.

2. As the Lord called him by his grace in early youth, when not eighteen years of age, the most interesting part of his experience is contained in this first period. We have not de-

pended for this upon tradition or relation from the lips of others, or recollection of our own; but have had recourse to what has been traced by his own pen in his published works, or what has fallen from his own lips. As he was frequently in the habit of speaking of his early experience from the pulpit, we have derived great assistance from the sermons that were taken down in short-hand and published during his annual visits to London.

From these sources have been drawn all that is recorded in this Memoir up to the time of his settling in Manchester, in 1805.

3. But from that period we have the inestimable advantage of a record from his own lips of the chief transactions of his life and ministry since his first settlement at Manchester, which was taken down in shorthand on the last occasion of his meeting some of the friends of the Sunday School at tea.

4. Personal recollection, and such memorials as can still be gleaned up from surviving friends, especially Mr. Kershaw, who knew him intimately many years, with a sketch of his character as a Christian and a minister, must fill up what remains to render our memoir as complete as circumstances will admit.

We do not put it forth as anything but a fragment, rude and incomplete. Our alternative was either to send forth what might still be gathered up of his life, experience, and ministry, or, through despair of publishing a complete memoir, to publish none.

Considering the numerous friends that Mr. Gadsby possessed in various parts of the country, the many desires that have been expressed for some memoir of his life and labours, the long duration of and the blessing of God that rested upon his ministry, the interesting nature of his experience, and the

circumstance that, if now omitted, the lapse of a few years will make a trustworthy memoir difficult, if not impossible; putting together these reasons, there seems abundant ground of encouragement to send forth the following pages.

We hope that criticism will deal gently with them; and that it may please God to make them a blessing to his chosen, redeemed, and sanctified family, is the prayer of,

JOHN GADSBY.

Manchester, May 20, 1844.

NOTICE.

If any friend, on reading the following pages, shall discover any inaccuracy, or call to mind any important omission, the publisher will esteem it a favour to be apprised thereof.

John Everitt
Jany 1845

A MEMOIR.

William Gadsby, the subject of this memoir, was born in January, 1773, in the village of Attleborough, in the parish of Nuneaton, Warwickshire. The names of his parents were John and Martha, of whom the former had been previously married, and had already had seven children by his first wife. Besides his offspring by his first wife, John had by Martha, his second wife, an equal number of children, namely, John, who died aged 62; William, the subject of this memoir; Fanny, who died aged 51; Sarah, who died aged 19; Anne and Thomas, who died in their infancy; and Nancy, still living at Attleborough, now aged about 60. According to Nancy's statement, obtained by a recent visit, John Gadsby was 96 years old when he died.

The old man is said to have been one of the quietest men in the village, while his wife was of the very contrary description.

The old man's employment being chiefly on the roads, in the vicinity of Attleborough, Nuneaton, &c., he was necessarily very poor; and education not being then so cheap as it is now, and Sunday schools not being yet established, his children were for the most part allowed to run about the village until they were old enough to be put to work.

The exact day of W. Gadsby's birth is not known; but as he was registered in Nuneaton Church on the 17th January, 1773, and as the practice of the villagers was to register their children when about fourteen days' old, he has been heard to say that he supposed he was born on or about the 3rd of the above month. The following is a copy of the register:

"William, son of John Gadgby,* was baptized the 17th day of January, in the year 1773."

As soon as he was able to hold a child in his arms, even while seated, he had to fill the occupation of nurse; and he was then barefooted and ragged.

* Gadgby is the provincial pronunciation of the name, and was probably so written by the clergyman through mistake, he being guided by his ear.

From his infancy, William was notorious for his love of mischief and frolic; so that, as he grew up, he became the very life of his companions. Still, as he grew up, he was not without some impressions of right and wrong, and was often heard to say he believed he should be a parson.

When a few years old, he was sent to the Nuneaton Church school, for two or three days in a week, and here he received about all the education he ever had in early life. He thus speaks of the amount of his education, in the preface to the first work he ever sent to the press, namely, "The Gospel the Believer's Rule of Conduct:" "As for what the world calls learning, I have but little of it. It was not in my parents' power to put me to school to learn to write, much less to learn grammar; and though I was taught a little to read, yet, in these days of youth and folly, I in a great measure forgot it, so that, when I was called by divine grace, I was not able to read tolerably one chapter in the Bible." He was one morning going to this school, eating his breakfast as he went along, being late. When he got near, he had a piece of bread and butter left, and, being afraid the master would see it, and beat him for taking it into the school, he threw it into a gravel pit. One of the boys saw the circumstance, and told the master, who made him fetch it and eat it, just as it was, all over dirt. A stone that had stuck to it broke one of his teeth. It was at this school that his mind began to take a serious turn. The terrors of hell were set before him, and even in the midst of his mirth he would be sunk at times into the greatest horrors. He thus speaks of himself in these early days: "When young, I gave myself up to profane swearing and hardness of heart, and though often horrified in my conscience, I used solemnly to declare I would never think about religion, except I was forced."* "Now I remember, when a youth, I was not without solemn and awful twangs of conscience, expecting hell would open her mouth, and let me in; and yet I do not believe that God's Spirit had quickened my soul at that time; and though I was terribly alarmed about wrath, hell, and condemnation, I could commit sin, and take pleasure therein, in order to get rid of, and to stifle my miserable feelings; and many a time I have endeavoured to sing my misery away, and insult God with my hardness of heart, while at the same time the terrors of hell were in my conscience." On one occasion, in particular, he became so

* The quotations are for the most part taken from the "Penny Pulpit," published by Paul, and the "Zoar Pulpit," published by Justins, London.

convinced of his wicked habits, that he was determined he would reform and be good. Going to church, one Sunday morning, in this frame, he was asked by a lady who had forgotten her prayer-book to run to her house for it. When he returned, she called him a good lad, and gave him a penny. This double testimony could not but strengthen his resolutions; and so confirmed him in the rising opinion of his goodness, that on the Sunday afterwards, when he was again going to church, he really thought he was now a good lad. Everything appeared to be holy; the people were holy, the fields were holy, and even the bells, that so musically chimed, he thought were holy too. He passed through a turnip field near the church, and, being thirsty, he thought that, as he was so good a boy, he might take a turnip, for he was sure the owner of the field, knowing him to be so good a lad, would give it him if he were there. He therefore took it, but the horrors of mind which afterwards seized him for this theft he has often spoken of. He was then between twelve and thirteen.

His parents belonged to the Independent denomination, and after he left the Church school, he for a time went with them to the Independent chapel. His innate humour he once about this time showed to his mother when she was scolding him for some mischievous act. Hanging a riddle upon a chair, "Here, mother," he said, "talk to that."

Not being, as he thought at least, very well used, he once ran away from home, and the better to prevent his being detected, got some old rags, or straw, and made himself a hunch back. His parents were very uneasy, and made every inquiry after him. One person said he had met a boy, about such an age, with a hunch back. "O," said the parents, "that could not be our boy, as he is not hunchbacked."

At the age of thirteen he was apprenticed for a short time, his sister says for five years, to a Mr. Copson, as a ribbon weaver. The agreement with his master was that he was to have half what he earned. He served out his time fully, and worked as a journeyman for some time afterwards.

During his apprenticeship, the lengths of folly into which he ran have often been referred to by him in his ministry. Swearing, and lying, and frothy conversation, and mischief were his besetting sins. He would often get on a tub, and harangue his fellow-workmen for an hour at a time, keeping them in roars of laughter the whole time. He thus speaks of what took place on one occasion: "I was a mere fool, and so full of frolic that I was the provider of sport for all my companions; I was the life of their society, and they seemed as

though they could not live without me. I recollect once, when between sixteen and seventeen years of age, I left a shop of work; but three of my companions came to me, and said that, unless I came back, they would leave the place too. They would not work without me; and as they came with a full determination to have me again, it so filled my fleshly mind with delight that I went back. But in that very shop God met me; and O the wonders of grace! All their strugglings and wrestlings were of no avail then; it could not quench what God had put in my soul. All that they laid before me was not able to keep me from struggling hard after God, and fighting and wrestling for God." So fond were his companions of him, that on one occasion, in 1790, when the arrows of God were sticking fast in him, and he had refused to join his companions, they went in a body to him, and told him they would have him dead or alive; if he would not go with them, they would tear him limb from limb. So he went, but he began preaching to them hell and damnation, and they were soon as glad to get rid of him as he was of them.

In August, 1790, when he was in his eighteenth year, there were three men, named Philips, Archer, and Farnworth, hung, near Coventry, in their shrouds, for housebreaking, and nothing could prevent him from going to see them executed. One of them was so thin and light that a man had to seize hold of his heels to carry the sentence into execution. This horrid spectacle had so dreadful an effect upon his mind that he was never afterwards like the same youth. The thoughts of eternity preyed much upon his mind, and he began to forsake his ungodly ways.

About this time, that is, during his apprenticeship, he was, as he used to express it, sorely harassed about being a parson, and he would sometimes go into some fields belonging to a Mr. Moore, and, throwing himself upon his knees, would say, "O Lord, if I am to be a parson, make me a good one, or none at all."

Long before he was brought to love the doctrines of God's sovereignty, he saw that they were true, but he hated the people that professed them with a perfect hatred, and tormented them in every way that he could. He said if they were to have all the happiness in the next world, it was only fair that they should be miserable in this, and he was determined to do all that lay in his power to make them so.

According to his sister Nancy's statement, it was during his apprenticeship that God was pleased to quicken his soul into spiritual life. He was in the habit in his ministry of

insisting strongly upon the difference between natural and spiritual convictions, and to refer to his own experience on this point. In one of his sermons reported in the "Penny Pulpit," he thus speaks of the first communication of spiritual life to his soul: "But when the Lord was graciously pleased to quicken my soul, being then just turned seventeen years of age, and showed me something of what sin was, I really feared it then, and a turn in my mind took place of a very different kind. I was brought to feel now that my sins were against a holy, just, and good God; that I had not merely to be alarmed for the consequences and punishment due to sin, but that I had to stand before the bar of infinite purity, and give an account of my awful practices, which made my soul solemnly to tremble at the word of God, and before the glory of his majesty. It is one thing to be alarmed at sin through the fear of going to hell, and quite another sensibly to feel it as against a holy, just, and good God, and that the soul is accountable to him for it. And while I remained in this state, all the efforts I used to extricate myself only seemed to make my case worse; for every step I took appeared as though the Lord had designed to open a fresh wound in my conscience, and only to let me experience more deeply the abominable and loathsome disease of sin; and O what a low estate is this for a poor sinner to be in, without a single ray of satisfactory hope of ever receiving the blessings of salvation."

His former convictions he always considered natural and fleshly; but his convictions at this time he believed to have been spiritual. He thus speaks of himself at this time: "But when God the Spirit came and manifested sin in my conscience, and opened a little of the mystery of iniquity, I then found that all my nature and practice had been nothing less than one constant heaving up of rebellion against a holy, just, and good God. And there I was, with all my sin and guilt torturing my mind; feeling myself as an accountable being to a holy God, whose mercy I had abused, whose goodness I had despised. If the blessed Spirit had not loved me with a peculiar love, he would never have taken so much pains with so hard-hearted and vile a youth as I was. No, he would have said, 'Let him alone, let him seal his own damnation, and reap the wages due to his sin.' But O the mercy, the special mercy and love of our covenant God! When the set time came, he arrested me, broke my heart, and brought me to stand and bow before his throne as a guilty criminal, brought me to sign my own death warrant. I gave God leave to damn

me if he would. I had nothing to offer, and I could do nothing to save myself."

When between eighteen and nineteen, he began to go regularly to the Independent chapel at Bedworth; and used to follow the old friends, as he loved to hear their conversation, but would always avoid being seen by them, lest they should speak to him about religion, and has more than once jumped over the hedge to get out of the way.

He was now very partial to prayer meetings, being scarcely ever absent when there were any. His mother was continually quarrelling with him about it, as he lost so much time. "O Billy," she would say, "you're off again." He had only one pair of shoes; and his mother told him, if he would go, he should go without shoes, or they would soon be worn out. "Never mind, mother," he would say, "I shall be able to keep you yet."

He once seemed unwilling to go to a prayer meeting, satisfying his conscience by saying his piece was wanted in the morning, and he did not think he could finish it if he did not keep at it. In a short time after, the piece caught fire, and did him three times more damage than he would have incurred in lost time had he gone to the meeting.

How long he lay under the terrors of the law we do not exactly know, but he thus speaks of his gracious deliverance: "But oh! God's peculiar love, that was shed abroad in my heart by his blessed Spirit, and which brought me to feel the love and blood of Christ, led me to trace something of the wondrous work of his wonderworking grace. Then, how my hard heart was melted! I was brought to his footstool, with all humility, simplicity, and godly sincerity; filled with gratitude and thanks for God's unspeakable mercies in opening these great mysteries to my poor soul. I was then solemnly and blessedly led to believe in God's free mercy and pardon, and could look up and say, 'He loved *me* and gave himself for *me*.'" "I recollect the time when God was graciously pleased to reveal pardon in my poor soul at first. Oh! what sweetness and solemnity and blessedness there was in my poor heart! I sung night and day the wonders of his love; and I never dreamed but I should go singing all the way to heaven. I never expected to 'hang my harp upon the willows,' or even to find it out of tune."

At this time he knew little of the doctrine and less of the experience which he afterwards in his ministry so zealously contended for. His ignorance of doctrinal terms he thus humourously relates: "I recollect the period when I rejoiced in

Christ, and was enabled to sing of the wonders of his salvation, but I knew nothing about 'imputed righteousness,' as to the doctrine of it. A familiar friend at that time, on one occasion, said, 'Why, William, we are justified freely by another, through the righteousness of Christ imputed to us.' I said to myself, what does she mean? Is it a new doctrine? but ask her I could not, for I was afraid. So I said, 'Good night,' and I went home burdened in my conscience to know what this could be which was to be my justification; and as I did not know what it was, I thought, after all, I may be deceived, and be lost at last; and it was such a weight on my soul, that I was led diligently to seek after a knowledge of this righteousness of God, the imputed righteousness of Christ. And after some searching of the word, and crying to the Lord, I began to think, surely it must be the perfect obedience of Christ. But then, there was this word 'imputed,' which I could not make out; for I knew no more about it than an infant, I was such a dexterous scholar; and I said, 'What can this word 'imputed' mean, which must, according to her account, be our justification before God, or else without it the sinner must sink into hell?' And I was so puzzled for some time with this word 'imputed,' that I sent to a neighbour to borrow a dictionary, to make out the meaning of the word; but when I got it, somehow or other it did not help me, for I was such a poor bewildered fool that it seemed to plunge me deeper in confusion, till at last the Lord was pleased to bring home with power this portion of scripture, with some others, 'He was made sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him;' when I said, 'O! I should not wonder if this is the meaning of the word 'imputed,' Christ taking our sins, and giving us his righteousness;' and by and by the Lord led me on step by step, until at last he showed me that it was a divine transfer, a taking away of my guiltiness, and a putting upon me the obedience of Christ, so that I might stand complete before the Lord without sin. Aye, I had believed this truth before in the spirit of it, but I did not know that this was the meaning of 'imputed righteousness.'"

In another passage he thus speaks of his ignorance at this time: "It was the case with me when I enjoyed a sweet sense of pardon of sin and reconciliation with God in my soul; I felt, in some measure, the power of the love and blood of the Lord Jesus Christ; but I knew very little of the glorious offices and characters of the Lord Jesus Christ by a vital faith and feeling. Men are prone to look upon them as mere orna-

ments or titles of honour; but in the Lord's time I was brought to see and feel that they were blessed branches of the glorious riches of God's grace suited to my case."

His comforts did not last long, and we learn from his own lips how he lost them, and his feelings under it: "I had a zeal for God, but it was grounded in self; and I felt God's free love come to my soul as a matter of free favour, but there was self at the bottom, thinking, '*I* will keep this, and cultivate it, and bring it more and more to maturity, till I grow up into such spiritual enjoyment that there shall not be one in the neighbourhood that shall excel me.' And I really was sincere; but, then, this was the sincerity of self, for if it had not been self-sincerity, it would not have put in these *I s*—the great *I*—what *I* will be, and what *I* will do. Whenever it comes to this, poor child of God, whenever you begin to swell with your great *I s*, what *I* will do, and what *I* will *not* do, depend upon it death is at the door; there will be something that will bring 'the sentence of death' upon all your comfortable feelings and enjoyments. I could tell you how it brought me to lose my sweet enjoyment, or rather to depart from it. I have thought very blessedly sometimes of that sentence of the Lord by the apostle John, 'I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love.' He does not say 'lost it,' but 'left it;' no, thanks be to God, it is not lost, it is secured in our blessed Christ; but we go from it in our feelings. The fact is, I was amazingly jealous. I was a youth between seventeen and eighteen years of age, and very moderate in my living, and I looked upon any one that conducted himself with any degree of immoderation (or even what is called moderation) as proving that they had not vital godliness. Two old men I cut off entirely; one for going to sleep in prayer, and the other because (and it was this time of year, it was the Lord's Day before the 14th of May) he told me that he should not wonder if I got intoxicated that week,—it was in the fair time; 'for,' said he, 'you seem so much lifted up with your power to keep from it, and the only thing in your favour is that you do not like it,' for I did not like liquor. I looked at the poor old man as an old hypocrite. 'What! I get intoxicated when God has been so gracious as to stop me in my career, and give me pardon, and a sweet conscious enjoyment of it?' I could not believe it; and I could not believe he had the life of God in his heart, because he could think it possible. And so I went singing on. But before the week was out, *there was* poor *I* intoxicated! Ah! how dreadful I became in my feelings! I must tell you that I did not take anything which you would

think was drinking to excess; for I had only had one three-halfpenny worth of stuff.* But there all my comfort was gone, and all my enjoyment gone. Then I thought, one night, I would put out my light, and go upon my knees by my bedside, and never cease praying all that night till God had pardoned me. You see, there was a little of *I* still. So on my knees I went, with a determination to pray all night. Some time in the morning I awoke, and found I had been asleep on my knees; and so there was poor *I*, that had cut off one poor old man for going to sleep in prayer, and another for saying he should not wonder if I got intoxicated, actually getting intoxicated and going to sleep in prayer into the bargain. *There* was 'the sentence of death' upon all my joy and all my comfort; and, for several months after that, I walked in the very depth of agony and distress, such as I never could describe; so much so, that if any child of God that knew the preciousness of Christ got into my company, I believed he would see it directly we began to converse, and go and tell all the people in the village, (for I knew every body, and they knew me,) and that I should go wandering about, like Cain, with a mark upon me; and so I kept out of their company. And then the enemy of souls would come in, 'Where is your peace with God *now?* where is your power in prayer *now?* where is your meekness, and your humility, and your tenderness of conscience *now?* where is your hope in the Lord *now?* where is your trust in the God of Israel *now?* and where are *you?*' 'Ah, Lord!' I was obliged to say, 'I do not know where I am, nor what I am, nor what my end will be.'" When he had laboured some time under the anguish of soul that this brought him under, he was sweetly delivered from its guilt by the application of these words: "That thou mayest remember, and be confounded, and never open thy mouth any more because of thy shame, when I am pacified toward thee for all that thou hast done, saith the Lord God." (Ezek. xvi. 63.) "The first branch of my walk in the path of tribulation I cannot forget. After I had had the bondage of guilt for a few months, and the

* This was about the time of Nuneaton Fair, in 1790 Having to go with his brother John through the town, they thought they would go across the fields, and so miss the fair and the people going to it. This they did. When they reached Attleborough, John persuaded him to go into the Three Crowns public-house, (still standing, and now kept by a niece of his,) and have a little Queen's cordial. As he had never tasted it, he felt willing to try what it was: so they had three-halfpenny worth each. He asked the landlady to let him go to bed, as he was quite drunk. "No," she said, "I will have no drunken fellows here!" This stung him to the quick, and taught him a lesson that he never forgot.

Lord had delivered me, I went cheerfully on for a few more months, and thought I should be happy all the days of my life. But, at length, I was brought into such gloom, such darkness, such wretchedness, such rising up of sin, such teeming or oozing up of filth, pollution, misery, and wretchedness, that I really could not compare myself to anything better than a walking devil, and imagined that I was enough to breed the plague upon earth, and that I carried a pestilence about with me. I dreaded at the time meeting any one that I thought a child of God, for I was afraid the moment I met him he would find out what a monstrous hypocrite I was; and as I knew every one that lived in the village where I then was, and they knew me, I thought if one of them found out what I was, and came to tell the people, I must run away and leave the country, for they would point at me, and jeer me, and hoot me, I was such a monster. 'Aye,' you will say, 'you are joking, man, now; you never thought yourself such a vagabond as that.' Yes, indeed, I did; and I think I am not much better now, for when I look at the corruption that there is within, I feel that nothing but Christ's blood can give me rest, and nothing but Almighty power can bring me safe along. However, by and by, God, in the dispensations of his providence, made this a path to lead me into the mysteries of his kingdom. I believe there is more in that text than many of his people think of, 'Through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom.' We do not merely enter the kingdom of heaven through much tribulation, but we really enter feelingly and spiritually into the kingdom of his manifested grace in the soul through tribulation, and as we are brought to have tribulation upon tribulation the Lord appears, and blesses our souls with the unction of this truth, and we begin to walk blessedly into it. I will just tell you how it was with me. When in this state, I made up my mind to keep out of the company of all God's people. But, on one occasion, a poor woman, who is now gone to glory, saw me coming and called me by my name, and said, 'Are you going to Coventry?' which was about eight miles from where I lived. I said, 'Yes, I was.' 'Oh! stop a moment, then,' said she, 'for my John is going there.' Now I had rather it had been a bear, for I was pretty swift of foot, and I might have outrun a bear, but I knew this John was a child of God. 'Now,' thought I, 'I shall be found out, and I shall be just like Cain, going about with a brand upon me; I must take care that John does not talk to me about religion; I will talk to him about trade and politics all the way to Coventry. I will take care that we shall have nothing about religion.'

And so, when he came up, I began about those things; but he cut the matter short, and took me up at once, 'I want to know why you go to the meeting-house!' Ah! I thought, this is cutting me up at once. 'Do not ask me,' said I. 'But I must know,' he said. 'I really cannot tell you.' 'Well, what do you think of yourself?' said he; 'what are your feelings?' 'I dare not tell you,' said I; 'do not ask me, for really I dare not.' 'Nay,' said he, 'but let me have a little of it;' and so he began pumping and supping, (I think he had a tolerably good sup of me,) and he got one little bit and then another, till at last he began to smile. And then I thought, 'Ah! he has found it out, and he is laughing at my calamity, and mocking when my fear is coming.' But at length he said, 'Now who, do you think, taught you this? nature never taught it you.' And he began to point out the word of God as suited to such a condition, and showed how it was the state that God led all his people into from time to time. God sweetly brought it to my heart, set my soul at liberty, and the Bible became a new Bible to me. It seemed to unfold mysteries that I never knew before; and thus my poor soul was led to walk in the truth of God while I was walking in this path of tribulation."

A few of the old friends used to meet for prayer at Samuel Smith's house, at Attleborough, and Mr. Gadsby met with them. One evening they insisted upon his engaging in prayer; but he told such a hobbling tale, and so trembled from head to foot, that he said they never should get him to engage again. Next day, a good old woman tapped him on the shoulder, and said, "Well, Bill, I have heard what you were about last night. Thou'lt preach among the big boughs yet." He felt in his heart, he said, that he could have knocked her down, he was so mortified.

A Baptist minister, named Aston, from Coventry, eight miles from Attleborough, used frequently at this time to visit Attleborough, there being six or eight houses there licensed for preaching. One morning, in 1793, Mr. Aston was at breakfast with a friend named Richard Taylor, who is still living at Attleborough, when Mr. Gadsby called in. Mr. A. and he entered into conversation on baptism, &c., at the close of which, Mr. A. rose up, and sudddenly taking Mr. G. by the shoulder said, "I should like to put you under the water immediately." Mr. G. exclaimed, "O, dear! you quite alarm me." The result of this conversation, however, was, that Mr. G. left the Independents and became connected with the Baptists, at Coventry. A Mr. Butterworth was the

minister, but, being superannuated, Mr. Aston supplied. His attendance at the chapel and prayer meetings was very regular, and it was during one of his walks to this place that he made the prayer he so often spoke of, eight miles long. There was a prayer meeting held every Lord's Day morning, at seven o'clock. Wet or dry, snow or wind, he regularly walked to these meetings. He had been often asked to engage there in prayer, but could never raise courage, till, one morning, he was determined, to use his own words, "not to be such a fool;" he would have a prayer ready, and be able to pray as well as other people. He thus speaks of it in one of his published sermons: "When I lived in this village, many years ago, I used, on the Lord's Day, to go to Coventry, to the meeting. I used to go to the prayer meeting at seven o'clock in the morning. They very frequently asked me to pray. I felt myself so wretched, such a poor shut-up creature, that I dared not to venture. One morning I set off pretty early to Coventry, and as soon as I left the village I began to make a prayer. O the cursed pride of my fleshly mind! I thought what a pretty prayer I had made; that, if they called upon me, I should be ready. When I got there, they called upon me. I attempted; but, alas! all my prayer was gone; all went to ruin. I can compare myself to nothing else than to a man attempting to rob an orchard, but the boughs were too high for him. All went to ruin, and there was I left alone; the Lord would not allow me to come in this way."

He frequently told his people at Manchester that he rather thought he was quite as zealous as some of them, for he was never behind time at these meetings, either winter or summer, though he had eight miles to walk; whereas, if it either "rained, snowed, or blew," they either did not come at all, or were as late as nearly eleven o'clock, (service commencing at half-past ten.) One Lord's Day morning (as he thought) he got up and dressed himself, and, on going down stairs, was surprised to find his sister up. He asked her what she was doing up so early. "Go to bed again," she said; "it is not eleven o'clock yet." So he had been in bed only an hour or two. This was in the winter.

Soon after the Lord had broken into his heart with his pardoning mercy and set his soul at liberty, he went to the prayer meeting, and heard an old man engage in prayer who had but a hobbling tale to tell about his sins, his guilt, his fears, &c., and seemed so peevish under his troubles, that our friend said to himself, "What! is he no farther yet, after making a profession so many years?" and he prayed that the Lord

would give him some of his troubles, for he was sure he could bear them better than the old man did. But he has often said that he never prayed for other people's troubles afterwards, for he had soon enough of his own. We are not certain whether he alludes to this friend in the following passage: "I recollect, more than forty years ago, a particular friend of mine was very wretched in his conscience, and seemed so peevish and fretful, so rebellious against God, that my heart was grieved for him. I knew something of it for myself, yet I thought at that time I could bear it better than he. I went to the throne of grace, and prayed to God that he would be pleased to take some of my friend's trouble and lay it upon me. I said I thought I could bear it, if God would let him have less; but I have had plenty of my own since. The Lord brought me to know what a poor fool I was. I had no more power to bear up under trouble than my weak brother."

When about the age of twenty-one, he was proposed to join Mr. Butterworth's church, Cow Lane, Coventry. He gave his experience, was received by the church, and baptized, with twenty-one others, by Mr. Aston, on the 29th December, 1793, as appears from his own handwriting in the church book at Coventry. When he was baptized, Mr. Aston spoke some good things concerning him, and said he could "see something in the young man, although so illiterate and uncouth, that seemed blessedly to prove that he would some time or other be made very useful to God's dear family." How truly has this prophecy been fulfilled! He continued a member with Mr. B. until he received his dismission to the church at Hinckley, in 1796.*

* Mr. G. was some years ago passing through Coventry, when permission was given for him to preach in the chapel, conditionally that his name was not announced. "Before service time," said Mr. G., relating the circumstance to a friend, "some person came to me and requested me to alter my preaching; but I said I could do no such thing; as it was given me, so I must deliver it. Now old Mr. Butterworth was present, and being very near sighted, he could not see me; but when service was over, he asked who had been preaching. 'Gadsby,' was the answer. 'Gadsby!' said he, with some surprise. 'Well, if that is what is called Antinomianism, it is the gospel.' He afterwards called on me, shook hands with me, and was very friendly." Mr. Franklin became the minister of the chapel shortly after Mr. Butterworth, and is still living. He once took the trouble to walk to Attleborough, from Coventry, to try to prevent Mr. G.'s having the pulpit there. But the people would not shut the door against him, so he had his walk there and back, sixteen miles, for his pains. In one particular instance, Mr. Franklin, being determined to stop Mr. Gadsby preaching in the chapel, if possible, obtained the keys, and kept them, so that Mr. Gadsby preached in Attleborough

After he was baptized, as we are informed by a person who was baptized at the same time, he was very zealous and active in the cause of God and truth. If there was anything particular going on, he was sure to be there, and if there was any dispute about Arminianism and Calvinism, he was equally sure to be a leader.

Late in the year 1794, or early in 1795, a few people at Hinckley, about five miles from Attleborough, appear to have had their eyes opened to see their own state as sinners, and to discern the errors of the ministry under which they had been sitting. They proposed, therefore, to be formed into a little church, and Mr. Aston was invited to go over to baptize them. There were eighteen of them, ten males and eight females. The General Baptists lent them their chapel for the occasion. The baptistery and the well from which it was filled were in the burying ground behind the chapel. In the night, some malicious persons filled the baptistery and the well with filth, thinking to stop the ordinance; but it was discovered early in the morning, and the candidates and friends soon cleared the baptistery, and filled it from the neighbouring pumps with buckets, &c. The people met for worship in a small barn in Comp's Yard, Bond-street. Amongst the persons baptized at this time was a young woman named Elizabeth Marvin, the daughter of a stocking weaver in Castle-street. Some time afterwards, Mr. Garratt, of London, went over to baptize some more. Elizabeth was present, and could not help noticing a young man who was very active, up to his knees in the water, assisting the minister, and she thought that he was just such a one as she should like for a husband. Some time afterwards, late in 1794, or early in 1795, there was a meeting of the friends held at Bedworth. Elizabeth, with some others from Hinckley, went over. Going into a friend's house in the afternoon, she saw the young man already named sitting on the floor, blowing the fire, and she then for the first time ascertained that it was William Gadsby, of whom she had heard so much.

William had formed a particular connexion with a young woman with whose name we are not acquainted, but having seen in her some marks of lightness, he prayed one night, when going to Bedworth to a prayer meeting, that the Lord

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Street, against Mr. Lester's door. His text was, "The word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, dividing," &c. &c. When he understood that he was not allowed the chapel, he said, "he could not expect any more than his Master, for there was no room for Him in the inn."

would interfere and break off the acquaintance, as he had gone too far to be able to do so himself honourably. On his return, he was met by the young woman, who told him she would not wait for him any longer, and therefore she married another.

It was not long after this that an intimacy was commenced between him and Elizabeth Marvin, and he frequently went over to Hinckley to see her.

While he stood a member with Mr. Butterworth, a contention arose in the church whether Mr. B. ought not to give up his charge, seeing that he was unable to fulfil the duties of his office. A special church meeting was appointed to settle the matter, but as our friend was unable to attend in time, he went over to his friend Lonsdale's, at Bedworth, about three miles from Attleborough, that he might learn the result. When he arrived, he found them both out, not having returned from the church meeting, and the shutters closed; but knowing the house well, he soon got the shutters open, and, after sitting up some time, went up stairs to bed. By and by Mr. and Mrs. L. returned, when they were not a little alarmed at hearing some one up stairs laugh. "That's Bill," said Mr. L.; and it was, sure enough.

He worked at the ribbon trade until he was about the age of twenty-two, when, owing to weakness, he was compelled to give it up. The frame at which he worked, wove what was called eighteen-penny white satin, which was rather laborious. One friend, who remembers him well, says he was the first to weave this, and that it was considered a great wonder, so much so that many persons went to see him; for while his hands were engaged in throwing the shuttle to and fro in the warp, his feet had to work upon twelve and sometimes sixteen treadles, one after another, so that the least mistake would have caused a damage in the ribbon. It was a tenderness of the chest that compelled him to abandon it. Having to press with his chest on what is called a breast-piece, added, perhaps, to the work that was going on within, he became so sickly that his parents did not expect him to live. Elizabeth advised him to give up the ribbon trade and learn the stocking weaving. "But," he said, "I owe my master so much money, and cannot pay him." "Well," she replied, "I have a guinea and a half in my pocket, which you may have if you like."

Accordingly, he paid his master, and, early in the year 1795, left Attleborough, and went to Hinckley, where he commenced a second apprenticeship. His second master was a stocking weaver, a Mr. Bilson, a Baptist, who preached in the

chapel at Hinckley hereafter named, after Mr. G. left. Unpleasant circumstances arising, Mr. B. subsequently gave up his charge and went to America, where he resided until the 9th of May, 1843, when he was killed by an engine, while carelessly walking on a railway. Mr. G. agreed to pay twenty shillings down, and one shilling per week for twelve months out of his earnings to Mr. B. for his instructions. He soon became master of the trade.

On his settling at Hinckley, he joined the people at the barn, who increased so rapidly that they were obliged to take a larger, in Hogg Lane, now called Mansion Street, in which Mr. G. subsequently preached.

On the 16th of May, 1796, he and Elizabeth Marvin were married. The clergyman who married them was a sad dissipated man. He had an income of about £500 a-year, and yet was always in debt. Mr. G. went to ask him, as a favour, if he would marry them a little earlier in the morning than was usual. Well, he replied, as he was a friend and a neighbour, he had no objection. When they reached the clergyman's house, they saw the servant girl blowing a few cinders and ashes to make the water boil for breakfast. "Where's your money?" demanded the minister. "How much is it?" said Mr. G. "Four shillings," replied the parson, "and it ought to be sixpence more for calling me up so soon." "Why, how soon is it?" asked Mr. G. "Eight o'clock," replied the parson, "and it ought to have been ten." "If you are well," said Mr. G., "and are not out of bed *every* morning by eight o'clock, you ought to be ashamed of yourself." "I won't do it again in a hurry," said the parson. "No," rejoined Mr. G., "you sha'n't for me, this year, if I can help it. There's the money." "Here, clerk," said the parson, taking the money, "there's the half-crown I borrowed from you; and here," turning to the girl, "is a shilling; go and buy a hundred of coals directly." Mr. G. often named this to show the awful state in which some of the Church clergy were.

When first married, he and his wife lived in lodgings, at Mr. Williamson's, Bond End, Hinckley, for they had no money to furnish a house with. The family with whom they lived was a God-fearing family.

They resided there about five months, and then took a house in Golden Fleece Yard, where they remained about seven or eight years, paying a rent of seven pounds per year. Their three daughters, Rachel, Sarah, and Phebe, were born in this house, which is still standing. Mr. G. has said in the pulpit that he did not wish to persuade people that he was

come from a very respectable family, as all he and his wife had when they married, was her umbrella, which they sold to buy a deal table with; and he remembered that he thought much more of that table than he did of the mahogany table which he now had. Here he commenced business on his own account, and had four apprentices under him.

On the 25th September, 1796, he received his dismission from the church at Coventry to the church in the barn at Hinckley.

Some months after this, his mind became very much exercised about the work of the ministry. Preach, he used to say, he was determined he would not; and yet, the Lord having laid firm hold of him, he could get no rest. His prayer was that he might die rather than be sent to preach; and one night he rose from his bed, almost distracted, and went in his night-shirt, and sat on the cellar steps, wishing to take a severe cold that he might die. Mentioning this in one of his sermons, he added, "But I could not take cold for the life of me." His continual cry was, "Do not let me preach, Lord; send by whom thou wilt send, but not by me;" when this passage came with power to his mind, "But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are, that no flesh should glory in his presence." "Well, Lord," he said, "if this is the way thou workest, thou never hadst a better opportunity; for thou never hadst a bigger fool to deal with." And he invariably stated that he really felt what he said.

When the friends met together for prayer in the country places, Mr. G., from the age of twenty-one, had frequently made remarks on various portions of the word of God, and when the people heard the powerful manner in which he expounded the word of God, they were astonished, for he seemed so rough-looking and clownish. It was so great a wonder, that the people exclaimed, "Why, Bill Gadsby is going to begin preaching!" But the first time he stood up to take a text and preach was at Bedworth, in an upper room in a yard now called Millership's Yard, on Whit-Sunday, 1798, an account of which he has often given. His first text was 1 Peter ii. 7: "Unto you therefore which believe he is precious." Commencing with the epistle, in order to introduce his text, he used to say if he must have had a world he could not have read the first and second verses: "Peter, an

apostle of Jesus Christ, to the strangers scattered throughout Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia, and Bithynia, elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father, through sanctification of the Spirit, unto obedience and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ;" so he slurred over the hard names, and said it meant the elect all over the world, and that was enough.

The friends at Bedworth who knew anything of him say, that he was of "good report," being "exemplary, consistent, savoury, zealous, and ornamental, both as a man and a Christian, in the world and in the church." Also that he was a "very tried man, bearing from the first very blessed marks and evidences of divine teaching within; and that, being naturally unlearned, rough, clownish, and illiterate, almost to the extreme, the grace of God shone the more blessedly in him."

He was called to the work of the ministry about the very time that Baptist associations and academies were springing up. He invariably kept aloof from them all; and certainly the labours of none of them have ever been blessed like his.

From this time, (1798,) his mind was so much occupied with the importance of the work of the ministry, that he was unable properly to attend to his business. His wife one day held up a stocking, and said, "Look here, William; it's time that you gave up either preaching or weaving," for he had made the clock of the stocking at the front instead of the ancle.

On another occasion, when he was in great trouble, in which his wife participated, they sat down to tea, and, on her going to wash up the tea things, she found there were no tea leaves in the pot; so they had had only warm water and sugar, with a little cream. He once looked about the house for an article that was missing, and at last found it in his hand.

For some time after he commenced business, he laboured under great difficulties for want of money. He has been often heard to say that he knew what it was to thank God for a single twopence sent by a friend.

He generally took his stockings himself to the market, carrying them in a pack. The markets he went to were Leicester, Coventry, Nuneaton, &c.

A Baptist chapel was built at Bedworth, in the year 1800, in which, to this day, a few God-fearing souls meet.

The last time he preached at Bedworth was on the 14th of June, 1843, from, "Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation;" (Ps. xxxv. 3;) which was published in the *Gospel Penny Pulpit.*

One day, in the year 1800, he was going to Nuneaton to purchase provisions for the family. All the money he had in the world was half-a crown. He had left nothing at home with his wife. As he was going along, he was joined by a man, who began to tell him a pitiful tale of distress. He walked with his hand in his pocket, and, to give his own words, "I first took up sixpence, and thought I would give him that; then I took up a shilling, and thought I would give him that, but the devil told me it was too much, I could not afford it; but, at last, I gave him the whole half-crown. Then the devil set at me with passages of scripture, that I was worse than an infidel, for I had neglected my family. But I kept walking on towards the town, (Nuneaton,) just as if I had the money still in my pocket. When I got there, I met a man that I had not seen for some years. We entered into conversation; and when he went away, he shook hands with me, and left half-a-guinea in my hand. Then it was my turn, and I set to, and gave it the devil well." This he used to call being a match for covetousness.

At this time Mr. G. frequently preached in the barn in Hogg Lane already mentioned. There was a hole in the roof, which was thatched, just above the pulpit. On one occasion, while preaching, some mischievous persons got on the roof, and threw down some stones or brickbats, trying to hit him while preaching. One or two of the friends were going out to secure the offenders, when Mr. G. said, "O, never mind it, the Lord will see to it that I shall not be hurt." Some time afterwards, in 1801 or 1802, some fellows of the baser sort, headed by the son of a respectable tradesman, broke into the barn, took out the forms and broke them in pieces, so that the friends were put to the expense of purchasing new ones. This same young man was subsequently transported for life, for robbing a gentleman on the highway. On another occasion, the barn was broken into, and the pulpit taken out, and thrown into a pit, but it would not sink. The miscreants then tried to sink it by filling it with stones, but the stones were so heavy that they broke out the bottom, and the pulpit floated again; so at last they said the devil was in it, for they could neither sink the parson nor his pulpit.

Before he preached in the barn, he frequently preached in the houses of some of the friends. One week night he went to a place called Little Burton, a small village about three miles from Hinckley, and preached in the house of a friend named Mark Chaplin, who is still living. His sermon was made a blessing to a young man by the name of Richardson,

who has been kept firm to the truth to this day. He was a farmer's servant, and attended the Church of England. How it was that he went to hear a Dissenter, he says he does not know, for he hated them so bitterly that he would have killed them if he durst. Mr. G.'s text was, "If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the wicked and ungodly appear?" This was in the year 1798, immediately after Mr. G.'s commencing preaching.

When he first commenced preaching, he met with such abundant success, and was favoured with so smooth a path, as regarded temporal things, that a female friend once said to him, "Ah, William, thou'rt come in at the south gate, but thou'lt go out at the north." She often named this prophecy to him, when he was overwhelmed in church troubles.

Mr. G. frequently also visited the neighbouring village of Desford, and was "ordained" there, in 1801, by Mr. Aston.

The following advertisement appeared in the *Leicester Journal* of July 24th, 1800:

"Desford Baptist Chapel will be opened for divine service on Wednesday, the 30th of July, 1800, at which time the Rev. Mr. Gadsby will be ordained. Rev. Mr. Aston, Chester; Rev. Mr. Vorley, Northampton; Rev. Mr. Hall, Irthlingborough, are expected to engage. Service to begin at half-past ten o'clock."

Mr. G. often gave an account of his ordination. The night before the time fixed, it was thought desirable that Mr. Edmonds* should see him. Accordingly he waited upon him, and said he should like to read his experience, his confession of faith, and his account of his call to the ministry, &c., to see that there was no extraneous matter introduced. "Nay," said Mr. G., "I think it will do." "But I must see it," said Mr. E. "You cannot," replied Mr. G. "But I will," said Mr. E.; "I will not leave this house till I have seen it." "Well then," replied Mr. G., "I have not written a line." "Not written a line!" exclaimed Mr. E.; "Set about it immediately, it must be done." "Nay," Mr. G. said, "I am sure I never shall." And so Mr. E. had to leave him. The next morning it was arranged that Mr. E. should act as a check, and if Mr. G. began to advance anything extravagant, he should stop him. In the course of his address Mr. G. said, "Some people say that the doctrine of

* This Edmonds had formerly been a mountebank; but when called by grace, became a useful and acceptable minister, and was much esteemed and loved by Mr. Gadsby. Many humourous anecdotes are told of him, which show that he retained much of his former mountebank propensity to wit and eccentricity.

election makes their bellies ache, but it has done my heart and soul good many a time." "Ay, lad!" said old Edmonds, starting up, "and so it has mine!" The ministers then attempted to lay their hands on his head, but he evaded them, saying he had Popery enough about him without that.

There appeared to be a better spirit of hearing at Desford than at Hinckley, as he generally preached twice there on the Lord's day, and at Hinckley only once. The average congregation in the barn at Hinckley was from eighty to one hundred.

One Tuesday, about the year 1802, he was determined he would not preach, for he felt the awful importance of the work, and his own unfitness for it. Accordingly, he started off about two or three miles distance, to gather some herbs, for he was very fond of making herb tea, and bitters. Among the herbs he got one called in that neighbourhood, "Devil's bit," (wild scabious,) but he has often said that he did not want that, as he had devil enough in him just then without it. At this instant the following passage of scripture was applied to his heart which made him throw down his herbs and hasten off to the barn, for it only wanted twenty minutes to the time for preaching, and he had nearly three miles to go: "No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of heaven." He preached from these words: "It hath pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell;" and there are those now living who well remember the sermon, and the power that attended it.

In 1802 the friends set about building a chapel at Hinckley, and another at Desford. Of the latter we are not in possession of much information, but the former was finished in 1803. It cost, including the land, about £800. It was the circumstance of his begging for this chapel, that first took him to Manchester. Before he left Hinckley the whole was paid for except about £100, and some of the old friends say that this was paid afterwards, or at least that Mr. G. raised the money for it, only that it was misappropriated by parties whom it may not be now well to name.

Conversing with a friend some time ago about Hinckley, Mr. G. said, "I preached to a number of poor people in an old barn, and truly we had many precious visits from the Lord, which made the old barn a consecrated place to our souls, notwithstanding the thatch was off in so many places of the roof that we could see the sky through the numerous holes, so that when it rained the people had to remove from one part to another, during preaching, to prevent getting wet through,

and what was worse, we were too poor to get it repaired. An additional torment was, that our enemies (who consisted chiefly of professors of religion) often broke our locks off, and did us much mischief. Thus, annoyed with the rain and ungodly men, we came to the conclusion to build a chapel. But the question then arose, where is the money to come from? for I was the wealthiest among them, and knew, if all I had about me had been sold, I could not have raised £80. Notwithstanding, we bought the land for a chapel, and consequently became a laughing-stock to the whole neighbourhood, they knowing our poverty. I then went about the country, preaching and begging, and the Lord was with me, for I soon had got to the amount of £60, which enabled us to commence building. This made our enemies rejoice, and say, 'There now; we shall soon be clear of Bill Gadsby out of the country. His preaching race is nearly run, for he'll be in prison for the debt of this building before long.' But, to the honour of the Lord, he supplied us with money as fast as it was required, for before one sum was exhausted, I went out again, preaching and begging, and fresh supplies were furnished, until the chapel was finished. There lived in the neighbourhood a farmer of considerable wealth, who was a great enemy to us, (though a great professor of religion,) and I was often told I durst not go to beg of him. I said, 'If the Lord spare me, I'll go.' The first opportunity I went, met him in the farm yard, and laid our case before him, when the following dialogue took place:

"Farmer: 'There's a good deal of bother about religion now a days, and a set of Antinomians have risen up who are a pest to religion, preaching that they may live in sin, for if they're elected they'll be saved.' Mr. G.: 'I know of no such people, and assure you I am not one of that sort; but what do you mean by Antinomianism?' F.: 'Why, they'll have nothing to do with the law.' Mr. G., seeing a number of corn stacks belonging to the farmer, observed, 'Why, these are your stacks?' F.: 'Yes.' Mr. G.: 'If you were under them they'd give you a tolerable squeeze.' F., laughing: 'Yes; but what of that?' Mr. G.: 'Then, because you are not under those stacks, are we to conclude you have nothing to do with them?' F.: 'No.' Mr. G.: 'So *we* say; we have to do with the law and the law with us; it makes a seizure upon us, demands full payment, we find painfully we cannot pay; consequently we are held fast by it until Christ comes and pays the debt, delivers us from that wherein we were held, becomes the end of the law for righteousness to us, and liberates us from it;

which made Paul feelingly triumph and say, 'We are not under the law, but under grace.' Thus there is a difference between having nothing to do with the law, and being under it.' F., amazed: 'Why I never thought of that; here's a guinea for you.' I thanked him and was going away; the farmer called after me and said, 'That's wonderful! I never heard it so explained,' and pulled out another guinea and gave me!"

Whilst the chapel was building he said, "One of the builders called upon me on the Lord's Day morning desiring me to let him have a sum of money, as he wanted to go a journey. I told him I would neither pay him nor any other man any money on the Lord's Day. He begged hard. I then said if he had come on the Saturday he should have had it, or I would get up early on Monday morning to let him have it; he then left the house. The same morning, just before I went to preach, a man called from a distance who owed me a similar sum, saying, 'I have called to pay you that account I owe you.' (This money had been owing so long I had entirely given up all hopes of receiving a farthing of it.) I now felt sorely tried, but told him I was sure the devil had sent him, and I would not receive it. He replied, 'What do you mean by the devil sending me? Do I not owe it you?' 'Yes,' said I, 'but I will not receive it on the Lord's Day.' He said, 'Perhaps you'll never have the chance again,' and left the house. I greatly feared his last words would be true, but as I would not pay, neither would I receive on the Lord's Day. But, however, on the Monday morning, I arose early to pay the builder, and during the week the man brought me the money he owed me. Thus, to the honour of the Lord, was I delivered out of this trying temptation, honourably and without loss."

In 1802, Mr. Gadsby commenced selling drapery goods, and he was so much prospered in business that he bought a piece of land close to the chapel, and built himself a house. Some time after he had settled in Manchester, a disinterested but active tradesman observed, that if Mr. G. had commenced business as a hosier in Manchester when he left Hinckley, he believed he would have realised a pound, at least, for every shilling that he had received as a minister. But God had other work for him to do. When he left Hinckley he sold the house for £400, which enabled him to pay off a small mortgage, and have a good sum to spare. He only received £360, having a promissory note given him for the remaining £40, which was never paid him; for when he came to inquire sometime

afterwards into circumstances of the friends who had signed it, he found they were so much reduced, that he would not have them troubled.

In 1805 he left Hinckley, with his family, for Manchester, and for some of the Lord's providential dealings with him while in Manchester, we refer to his speech on New Year's Day, 1844, hereafter given, as also to the other parts of the Memoir.

The text from which he preached his farewell sermon at Hinckley was, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen." (Rev. xxii. 21.)

In 1807 or 1808, he preached his mother's funeral sermon at Attleborough.

The last time he visited his native place was in 1842. As he was walking through the village with a relation, he stopped several times to point out several cottages. So-and-so lived there; "and there," he said, "when I was a boy, lived two ladies that went regularly to the Independent chapel, and I delighted to plague them, they were so good. I used to knock at the door, and then run away, but as soon as they had gone in, I would knock again, till, at last, they lay in wait for me, and just as I was knocking, they threw a bucket of water over me, and served me right, too."

The last sermon that he preached in his native village was taken down in shorthand, and published in Nos. 81, 82, and 83 of the *Gospel Standard*.

The cottage in which he was born is still standing, and a willow planted by him when a boy, in a neighbouring garden, is still growing.

On the 1st of January, 1844, there was a meeting of the friends at Manchester, in the school-room, to tea. At this meeting, he gave an account of some of the Lord's providential dealings with him since his arrival in Manchester, which, unknown to him, was taken down in shorthand. He had a suspicion that one of his sons had engaged a reporter, and, shortly before speaking, he walked round the room to see if one were present, knowing the faces of the Manchester reporters by attending so many public meetings; but an event of this sort had been anticipated, and the reporter was secreted in a corner behind a screen. He had been urged to give, at this meeting, an account of the Lord's dealings with him both in providence and grace, but especially the latter, since his infancy; but he told one of his sons, that if he thought of doing such a thing, the church, and not the school, would be the proper place. His speech was as follows:

"I recollect my first visit to Manchester very well. It is now more than forty years since. I then had no more thought of living in Manchester than I now have of living after I leave it. I did not come on a visit to anybody, but I came on a begging mission. Not a creature did I know, at least not a person that made a profession of religion, and only one that did not. But I had heard of a person in Manchester who was pretty liberal, and liberality was what I wanted. And I had heard that the Baptist chapel in Manchester was destitute of a minister; that there was no religion preached here but what is called by some high Calvinism, and low Calvinism, the latter being a religion of the mongrel breed. Well, I wrote a letter to Manchester, saying that I understood the Baptists were without a minister, and, as I had some business to do there, if they had no objection, I would supply for them for a week or two. I did not tell them my business. I have often looked at the providence of God at the first commencement of my undertaking. I took my letter to the post office and put it into the post myself. As I was coming from the post office, I met a young woman, the only one I knew who had ever lived in Manchester. (I am telling you my story, you see, in a familiar way.) And I said, 'Betsy, have not you lived in Manchester?' 'Yes,' she said, 'I have lived there, and I am only just come back.' 'Do you know any of the professors of religion there?' I asked. 'Yes.' 'Is he a Baptist?' 'No.' 'But do you know any one who is?' 'Yes,' she said; 'I know one of the deacons.' 'Oh, good bye,' I said; 'I'll see you again;' and away I went to the post master to get my letter back. It was not very usual for letters to be given back, and it was then near the post time; but I got it back again, as a great favour, and I believe it was God's providence that it did not go, for if it had gone it would have been tried by fire; and that was a test I don't think it would have stood. So I wrote my letter to this deacon, and the answer I got was a very cool request to supply the place for a month. Well, I contrived not to get into Manchester till about eleven o'clock on Saturday night; for, knowing something of the divisions that then existed, it was one of my plans to put off my arrival as late as I could, and then I thought I should give them no opportunity of saying a word to me about religion till they had it from the pulpit. I met the deacon, who took me to his house, and asked me what I would have for supper. I asked for some gruel, intending to be off to bed as soon as I could. But just as I sat down to eat he said, 'Pray, Sir, are you a Fullerite, or a high Calvin-

ist?' Now this was seasoning to my gruel I had tried to escape, but you see I had it with my first spoonful. I tried to evade an answer at first by assuming a familiar style of speaking, as though I were addressing an old acquaintance, and directing the conversation to something else; but it would not do. He seemed to think, certainly, that I did not understand the question, but he was determined I should. He said, 'You know there is a division amongst the Baptists—don't you?' 'A division!' I said, affecting surprise. 'Don't you know,' he resumed, 'that there are some Baptists here that they call Fullerites, and some that are not?' 'Well,' I replied, 'I think I have heard something about it.' 'Well now,' he said, 'I should like to know which of the principles you embrace, for there have been some strange parsons from your part of the country.' 'Sir,' I answered, 'let me alone to-night, and you shall know all about it before twelve o'clock to-morrow.' 'No,' he said, 'I must know to-night.' I did not like this at all; and I began to say to myself, 'This, I see, is to be like all *my* schemes,—upset in the beginning.' But as he would have an answer, 'Well,' I said, 'I am not a Fullerite.'* The result was better than I expected, for he seemed pleased with my answer; for he said he was afraid I was. I had very little of a parsonic appearance then. I don't think I had a bit of black about me, except inside me!†

"Well, I preached next morning, and when I got into the pulpit one of the deacon's wives lifted up her head to her husband and said to him, 'He's a crazy man, that!' But I went on with my sermon, and her husband turned to her and said, 'Does he *talk* like a crazy man?' 'No,' she said, 'he does not.' The deacon had told me that many of their people were Fullerites, but I did not heed that. I got up, and, as far as God gave me grace to do it, I explained his word, and it raised such an uproar among the Fullerites in Man-

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* Mr. Gadsby's conduct was very different to that of many ministers, who, when they go to a place they have never been at before, begin to inquire what the sentiments of the people are, that they may suit themselves to the views of their hearers, and thus strive to please men; neither did Mr. Gadsby commend himself to the deacon, Mr. ———; and though he had at this time written against Mr. Fuller's book, he said nothing about what he had done; "for not he that commendeth himself is approved, but whom the Lord commendeth." Mr. G. always considered, and often stated publicly, that Andrew Fuller was the greatest enemy the church of God ever had, as his sentiments were so much cloaked with the sheep's clothing.

† Mr. G. had on at this time a coarse brown coat, drab trousers, coloured neckerchief, &c.

chester as they had not before heard of. Well, my friend the deacon waited till dinner time, and then he went out among a few friends, to whom he said, 'Do come to our chapel this afternoon. We have got the Apostle Peter preaching.' What he meant, I suppose, was, that the apostle was pretty plain, and I was the same. In the afternoon, therefore, there was a tolerable congregation.

"I had then no thought of coming to Manchester to settle. There was about as much prospect I thought of the mountain of Gibraltar coming to Manchester as I. I meant to remain as I was; but that was one of *my* schemes, not the intention of Providence. When I had left, another preacher came to supply the place, but he plagued and wearied them, and they were glad to get rid of him.

"The result of this was, they asked me to come among them; but I told them that there was no prospect of that, as I was fixed where I was. But one of the deacons said he was sure I should come. I thought he was wrong, still I was rather curious to know his reasons, and I urged upon him to tell me why he was so confident that I should come to Manchester. He said, 'I could tell you more, but I will only tell you one thing. Ever since you were here first, much alteration has been made in the minds of the friends. God, by your means, has made his word so manifest, that we have never had a prayer meeting since at which we have not prayed that God would bring you here.' And so it has turned out; but I never thought he would bring me here to plague me as I have been plagued.

"One thing I afterwards heard that is rather remarkable. One of the female friends told her husband that, previous to my coming to Manchester, she had a dream, in which she said that she saw a countryman get up into the pulpit, and he caused such a stir amongst the low Calvinists, that they were quite upset: Now she had never seen me before, but so it was, that immediately I got up into the pulpit, she said, 'That's the man!'

"At that time the whole country was up in arms, and the ministers were everywhere preaching to put down Antinomianism. Some of them told the people to keep their cupboards locked; for they must expect to find them emptied if they admitted me into their houses; and I believe I was for some time as great a dread to the professors as Bonaparte was to the combined forces. But I was younger then than I am now, and I hobbled on.

"Now, after I became settled here, some strange things

occurred; and I am disposed to drop a word or two of some few providences that I have had manifested towards me of the kindness of God.

"The first year I was in Manchester, my family received an increase; and some of those who had opposed my coming said, 'Aye, he may stay a while, but he'll be starved out at last!' And they took a great many methods to get rid of me: I don't mean exactly here, but in the 'combined army!' It was said, at one of the meetings, that it was intended to shut me out of the chapel, and that they would assist it with their influence, with their counsel, and, if necessary, with their purse. One of the deacons came and told me this. This man had the deeds in his possession. He had professed to be a friend of mine; but I was rather suspicious of him, and I said, 'John, I say to you as Christ said to Judas, That thou doest, do quickly; but,' I added, 'I neither fear their influence, their counsel, nor their purse, nor any thing else. If God has brought me to Manchester, he will protect me; if he has not, the sooner I go back the better.' So, as soon as they saw they could not get their end, they built York-Street Chapel; and having built that, they prophesied that in one twelve-month I should be entirely upset.

"I recollect going to Liverpool while the new chapel was being built,—and no doubt they imagined that by building it they would upset me,—and I remember some of the friends there saying, 'They are building a chapel in opposition to you, are they not?' 'No,' I replied, 'they are not.' 'Why, are they not building a chapel in York-Street?' I was asked. 'Yes,' I said. 'But now,' said I, 'let me ask you a question. You keep a shop for selling drapery?' 'Yes.' 'Now, if any one should set up an ironmongery shop, would that be any opposition to you?' 'No,' he replied, 'it would not; but that would be because they don't deal in the same sort of stuff.' 'And that's just our case in Manchester,' I replied.

"Well, they built York-Street chapel, expecting to overthrow us; but we went on, and after twelve months more we went on still. But I found by that time that my income did not support my family.* So I called my little church together, and I said, 'My friends, I have a proposition to make: I want to go into my own trade, the hosiery line. My salary is not

* Mr. G.'s salary at this time was £125 per year. His widow says that they were better off before they left Hinckley than they were for some time after their residence in Manchester; and she believes they would have been much more happy, and in more comfortable circumstances, had they never removed.

enough; but I don't want to be a burden to the church.' They replied, 'No; we won't let you: we'll keep you independent of that. How much shall you require for your comfortable support?' I said, 'I'll do with as little as any of you —at least any of you who are in business. I'll not be measured by a journeyman shoemaker or tailor, but whatever you find enough to support yourselves and families I'll be satisfied with.' And they said they thought that was fair; and I can safely say that I never have had a dispute with them about salary from that time to this. The Lord, in his good time, made the way straight, and we have prospered.

"We had many troubles, however, to contend with. The chapel, though not half the size it now is, was in debt, and besides was giving way at the end; so that we had to build a house at that end, to keep it up. Well, we were a poor set; and I used to go to London then once a year, as I do now. And I may tell you, as an instance to show how poor I was, that one year when I had been in London only a short time, I received a letter from my wife, saying, 'William, if you've any money, you must send me some. I had to take the last shilling I had to pay for your last letter; and we don't like to borrow.' I, however, had nothing to send; but the morning I received it I laid it before the Lord. Now, this is one remarkable instance I am going to mention of God's kind providence to me. Not a creature in the world did I mention the letter to. I was going to preach that day, and went to meet a few friends. And one of them said, 'Mr. Gadsby, since you have been here, God has blessed your ministry to these young friends; and we intend to make a present to your wife.' Now, I had not told a word about the letter to any one. So one of the young friends took a plate and went round, and brought me nine one-pound notes, the very day the letter was received! Still I said nothing about my letter. The same night I went to a house to sleep, where a minister said, 'I'm going to make your wife a present of two pound notes.' I could hold in no longer, but told all about my situation. So I sent off £10 to my wife, and kept £1 myself.

"I returned home; but I told my friends in London that the next time I came to Town it must be on a begging-bout, for our chapel was in debt. Well, the time came, and I took leave of my friends to go to London again. This was about the time of Mr. Huntington's death; and it was said to me, 'I should not wonder if you meet with some of the Huntingtonians in London.' When I got to London, of course I went to my old friends; and the one I had been well acquainted

with said he meant to give me half-a-guinea. 'Nay,' said I, 'that will never do.' I've made up my mind to have £100 before I leave London; and have it I must.' He said, 'You'll not get it.' 'I must,' I said, 'and you must give me £2.' I went and preached three times a-day at the little chapel in Redcross-Street. At first, you may expect, I did not get on so well; but in a few weeks there was a congregation at the doors when the morning service ended ready to go in for the afternoon, and at the end of the afternoon's service there was another ready for the evening. I can assure you that I had a good deal of difficulty to get in myself to preach; for I had to clamber over the seats to reach the pulpit, the aisles all being closely packed.* Of course I opened my commission; and I said if the friends who could afford to subscribe would give me their address before I left the chapel, I would endeavour to call and explain it more fully to them at home. But I soon learnt that this would not do: for I found that I received so many invitations of this kind, and my time was otherwise so taken up, that I could not call upon every one; and I said, 'Friends, you must either give me your money without calling upon you, or I cannot have it. I cannot go all round London; and I must either give up that, or give up preaching at nights.' A man, next morning, called at my lodgings. 'Is the Manchester ambassador here?' he inquired. He was told that I had just gone out; but he left £5 for me. I had just gone into the street when one person put £2 into my hands. I went a little further, and another says, 'Pardon me for speaking to you in the street; but here is £1 that I wished to give you.' Well, I went to preach in the little chapel—for it *was* a little one. One of the aisles could not be much longer than this table I am sitting at.† I pushed my way down it, through the congregation, as well as I could; and, as I went down, one person put money into my hands, and another put money into my hands; so that, by the time I got to the vestry, I found myself in possession of £9. To make short of a long story, I went away from Manchester in the expectation of getting £100, but, I believe, when I came back, it was with nearly £400. I came home with a full purse. I did not choose to let my friends here know my success till I got home; but when they did know, they were amazed at the kindness of God.

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* The doorkeeper, who did not recognize him, told him it was no use his trying to get in, as the thing was impossible. "Nay," said Mr. G., "that will never do. There will be nothing going on without me."

† A cross table, about 18 or 20 feet long.

"A little time before this I published my collection of hymns. I had scraped together a little money for the purpose, and the first edition went off quickly. I was getting together my money for a second edition, but I lent a portion of it, and could not get it back. I had to borrow £70 or £80 till I could get my own money again. While I was in London, the friend to whom I had lent it failed, and though he afterwards was enabled to repay me, that was a thing I had then no reason to expect. Still I had one more hope, for my bookseller owed me £30. But the bookseller failed next, and there was I, poor Pilgarlick, left in the lurch. Well, I said, they will now say, 'This comes of your Antinomianism!' for I was £70 in debt. But the Lord had determined it otherwise, and to my great surprise, when it became known, I received one letter with £5 in it, another with £10, another with £13; some with more, some with less, that after all I was enabled to pay all my debts like a gentleman! Thus you see the providence of God provided for me in the time of my necessity. He was at my right hand, and a present help in the time of need.

"Now, I am only telling you of worldly things, and that is what I mean to confine myself to to-night.

"Well, by and by, so much had we been favoured, and so much had we prospered, that we found it necessary to enlarge the chapel. And here we got into difficulty again, for as the chapel would have to be almost wholly taken down, and rebuilt, if meddled with at all, a dispute arose about the site of the chapel. Some of our friends wanted to have the chapel erected in a more central part of the town; another party was determined it should be where it was. One difficulty about keeping it where it was arose out of the necessity of taking up the graves for the foundations, and the consequent expense.* This, the party last mentioned, however, did not conceive to be a difficulty, and nothing could serve them but they must have it their own way, and we submitted. But, when the chapel was down, and the foundation of the new one had been laid, the other party deserted us, and we were left with a debt coming on us of about £2000; for the builder whom they had engaged wanted £200 or £300 extra, on this account, and we could not help ourselves. We must either pay or go to law. So you see they had left us in a pretty plight!

* There was a burying-ground in front of the chapel, and the proposition was to carry the chapel over this ground, which was ultimately done.

"Well, to make bad worse, the builder, seeing that the party who had employed him had left us, stopped the work in a great measure. There we were; the chapel down; the foundation of another laid, it is true, but no prospect, in all human appearance, of the chapel ever being raised.

"However, I thought if God approve of what we are doing, *he* will not desert us; and I prayed for faith, and that the Lord would direct me what to do. Then I went to the builder, to know why he was not going on with the chapel. 'Have you any money owing you?' said I. 'No,' he replied. 'Well,' I said, 'then go on; and when you have, if it is not forthcoming, then stop.' So he went on again. Meantime, I knew not how the money was to be raised; but one friend sent me £500 as a loan; and another, out of town, sent me £300 as a loan; and so we went on, and we never let the builder ask twice for his money. During all the time the chapel was erecting, the Lord opened the dispensations of his providence; and now, to His honour be it said, and not to ours, though the chapel has been since repaired, &c. &c., we have only a debt of £140 upon it. But though the chapel was built, and we had this heavy debt upon us at the time, still we had no school; and it took £400 to erect the old school, the money being raised in shares. And I have lived to see the cost of that school paid, and the debt on the present one* paid off also, except £130; with more rent coming in from buildings connected with it than is required to pay the interest.

"I must pass over many things, for it would fill a volume to tell all the dealings of the Lord with us. But you are aware that we have had another split lately; and I have almost been led to wonder whether the devil and they would not like to split the poor old fellow's heart. And though, through mercy, I am in a great measure reconciled to the event, and believe that some wheat has gone off with the chaff, yet there are some that I firmly believe I shall never be reconciled to, either in this world or the world to come.

"Before the last collection for the school was due, we were unexpectedly come upon for £40 for the new trust-deeds; so that we had £40 or £50 wanted besides the collection for the support of the school. I was full of trembling and fear, and I wondered how we must act. I began to think we never should be straight. But I can say the Lord enabled me to pour out a prayer unto him, and to remind him of his past wonderful works. I went to preach in the country; and I named

* The school was enlarged in 1842, at the cost of upwards of £300.

this circumstance to a friend, and said, 'I really dont' know what to do.' Well, after service, he took me in his gig to my lodgings; and as he left me, he put a note into my hand, and said, 'Take that towards the collection.' As it was a note, I knew it could not be less than five pounds, and I said, 'O, I don't want so much as that.' 'There's more money in the world,' he said; 'don't refuse it.' So I kept the note, and, to my surprise, found that it was a £10 note. I said, 'Well, the Lord has not forsaken me yet.' However, I thought that I would not tell my friends yet of my good fortune, lest they should relax. So I said to one of my sons, 'You must do your best, and if you can get four of the congregation besides yourself to give five pounds each, I'll give another five.' Well, I wrote to another friend in the country that had been kind to me before, and I said, 'Now, if you can find in your heart to give us a trifle, you may depend it will be gratefully received; but you won't hurt my mind if you refuse. I leave it entirely to you.' Well, the Monday or Tuesday before the collection, I received a letter from this friend, in which he said, 'I thank you for your letter; it has been useful to me; and though there are many men I have reason to esteem, there is not a man whose ministry has been made such a blessing to my soul as yours; and I thank you for letting me know that you are in want of assistance, and if you will go to such a bank you will receive fifty pounds towards the debt!' I could scarcely believe my eyes; though it was put in plain words, 'Fifty Pounds.' I said it must be five; so I tried to read it five, but for my soul I could not keep the 'ty' out of sight; and I was obliged to set it down the larger sum. 'Well,' I said to myself, 'I'll not let the friends know a word about this either. I'll keep the fifty pounds and the ten pounds in my pocket, and not let a soul know about it.' But then my greatest trouble was to know how I should get this money from the bank without its being known, for I was hardly well enough to go myself.* 'I may send such and such a one, but if I do that, perhaps they may smell a rat.' In this way I put it off till the Saturday before the collection, and then I hobbled down to the bank as well as I could myself. 'Well, Mr. Gadsby,' they said, 'what's your will?' 'I've an order here for fifty pounds.' 'What will you have it in?' So I told them, and I got the money, and the next day was the collection. With the exer-

* This was in September, 1843. Mr. G. was not then able to walk more than a few yards without great difficulty, on account of his breathing.

tions our friends had made, our collection was twice as much as it had ever been before. The collectors knew that I had my own five pounds to add to the amount collected, which was £75, the sum generally obtained being only about £35; so they gave me a note about it in the pulpit, as soon as they had ascertained what was the amount, that it might be announced to the congregation. But as soon as I got their note I felt for my pencil to add my £5 and the £50 and the £10 to it. And when they perceived the delay they said, 'What in the world is the parson pottering about?' But when I came to announce what the total amount was—that owing to the kindness of some friends, it was £140, they were surprised, and so was I too, and we could not help singing,

'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'

"So we paid for the trust-deed; and, instead of not being able to pay the money immediately, we were enabled to pay a good part of the debt. You see, though I had had so much unexpected assistance, I was afraid God would leave me in the lurch! O Lord, pardon my unbelief!

"Now, one thing I will name as an act of God's kindness, as I could tell you many a score, if my strength would permit it. I recollect once being very low in circumstances, and I had to go from home at the public expense. Now, all the money I had under the roof was one guinea, and that was in my trousers'* pocket. Well, as I was leaving the house, my wife said, 'You'll change your clothes, won't you?' I said, 'No; I'll go as I am.' She said, 'No; you must change them.' You know the women will be masters; so I changed my clothes, and, behold, I left my guinea behind me! I never thought of that when I changed my clothes. The first night after leaving home, I had to preach, and I was going to be at the public expense. And here I met a man who had once been so incensed against me that, he said, if it had not been for the trouble, he should have blown my brains out; but he had thought too, he said, it was a pity to be hanged for blowing the brains out of such a villain as I! Well, this man came, shook hands with me, and put a guinea in my hands. I was filled with amazement. I did not then know that I had left the other at home. The next day I had to be at my own expense; and, if I had not had this guinea, I must have been fast. Now, the Lord knew all about it; he knew that my wife had no money, and he made me leave mine behind me, and then sent me to meet my enemy, and screw a

* Mr. G. wore trousers at this time.

guinea out of him! This was spoil taken in the day of battle. It shows there is nothing too hard for the Lord. And you will never find so kind and faithful a Friend as the God of Israel! No. God help us to trust in him, and to glorify him; and then, come what will, we shall have a Friend near at hand. Hitherto he has blessed me, and brought me through; and I firmly trust that he will keep me still.

"And may the God of heaven grant both you and me the power to trust in him to the end, for his mercy's sake. Amen."

On rising to speak, Mr. G. was some time before he was able to proceed, he seemed so much affected; and when he concluded, he appeared to be quite overcome. One of his sons, however, having to speak shortly afterwards, told several anecdotes about his father, such as a horse having been once sent to take him to a neighbouring village to preach, when he gave a boy sixpence to lead the animal, while he walked by its side, &c. &c. This account appeared to call to Mr. G.'s mind some recollections of his younger days, and he resumed his usual cheerfulness, telling several other anecdotes, amongst which were the following:

"I once had to preach at Northampton, and was conveyed by a friend upwards of thirty miles in a gig. It was a dark, wet, and stormy morning. We left about four o'clock, and had not gone far before my hat blew off, and it was so dark that we could not find it. The wind was so high that we could not carry an umbrella up; consequently, I had to be several hours exposed to the cold and wet. We reached Northampton a little before ten; and after breakfast I went to preach. I, providentially, did not take the least cold. A friend at Northampton gave me an old hat. On returning home, we inquired if any one had found a hat the day previously, when a labouring man said he had, and produced it. 'Well, now,' said I, 'would you rather have that hat, or this money?' 'O, the money,' replied the man. 'Well, there it is,' said I. 'And now, what must we do with the other hat?' 'Why,' replied one of my companions, 'it will just fit old So-and-so; and he wants a hat.' 'Well, said I, it's an ill wind that blows nobody good.' So one poor man had the money, and another the old hat from Northampton."

"As my son has named the circumstance of a horse having been sent for me, I may tell you that I was such a dexterous horseman, that I really did not know on which side to mount;

and, on one occasion, when a horse had been sent for me, I quite expected I should be found getting up on the wrong side, with my back to the horse's head. However, as it happened, I did manage it right; but the boy with the horse laughed heartily."

Mr. G., in his speech, named one or two of the kind providences of God on his behalf. In a printed sermon he also names the following:

"I have been a witness of a few hints from the pulpit, when carried by the Lord to the conscience, producing practical effects, even when the preacher had not the most distant thought of the matter, one of which I will state.

"When my children were young, and my income not quite so much as it is now, we were likely to have to pay £20 for one of the boy's schooling, and my wife said to me, 'What are we to do for the money? where is it to come from?' I said the Lord would appear, no doubt. 'There it is,' said she; 'you have all the faith, while I have all the work.' The next Tuesday night I preached from these words: 'Lead us not into temptation.' I was led to make the following remark:— 'Perhaps there may be some of you who have been tempted to do things for your own private emolument, or that which appears to be connected with it, thinking that by doing such things you would save so much money, and nobody would know. It was of so secret a nature, that no mortal living knew anything of the transaction, so that there could be no discovery, nor could it bring any scandal upon the cause of God and truth, because no one could know. But,' said I, 'the Lord knows, and he can bring the rod upon you.' Part of my congregation fell under it, and confessed their sins before God, and that brought forth a practical doing of the will of God. One of them came to me the next morning, and said, 'Sir, when my wife's father was dying, he wished my wife's mother to give £5 to the poor; and that is not all, he also desired her to give you £20.' I felt surprised; and he continued, 'Sir, do you remember preaching last night from the words, 'Lead us not into temptation,' and what you said respecting what might be done in secret when there was profit connected with it?' I said, 'Yes.' 'Well,' he said, 'my mother heard the sermon, and that has brought the £20.'"

Some time afterwards, when preaching from home, in the course of his sermon he stated the above singular circumstance, when he saw a man drop his head, as if the sinews of his neck were cut. He said, "Thou hast been in some devilism

or other." Twelve months afterwards he went to preach at the same place, when a man came to him and asked him if he remembered making such and such a remark last year. Mr. G. said, "Well, I might do." The man said, "You did; and I was forced to drop my head." Mr. G. said, "I now remember it well, and remember seeing a man drop his head." "Well," said the man, "a short time before you preached that sermon, I was in company with a man with whom I traded, and who I had often suspected had overreached me. While in his company, he dropped a roll of bank notes, and was not aware of it. I picked them up, unnoticed by him, and slipped them into my pocket; and after the person had left me, I endeavoured to persuade my conscience that, as he had cheated me, the Lord had thrown this in my way as a providence to make it up. But the Lord showed me very differently while you related that anecdote last year. I got up next morning, and went immediately to the man and gave him his money. The man thanked me, and said he was very glad the money had fallen into honest hands; but I said to myself, 'Not so honest, if God had not made me so last night.'"

The contributor of the above to the publisher of these memoirs, was condemned by the relation of these two facts. Once he went into an ironmonger's shop, and purchased an article that cost eight shillings and sixpence; in the return of cash out of a ten shilling piece, he received two shillings and a half sovereign; he pocketed the cash, smiled, and left the shop. These facts related made him tremble, and act the part of an honest man.

On another Tuesday, in 1822, Mr. G. was harassed in a similar manner to that related on the opposite page, though for a smaller sum. In the course of his sermon he remarked that the Lord was never at a loss for means with which to supply his children, nor for instruments either. If an Elijah were driven into the desert, he could send a raven to feed him, and feed him with the very food that the ravens themselves were so fond of, namely, flesh. After the sermon, a gentleman went into the vestry, and said, "Mr. Gadsby, are you in want of a little money?" "Why do you ask?" inquired Mr. G. "Because," he replied, "the Lord has sent *a raven* to feed you." "Indeed," said Mr. G., "how is that?" "Why, do you know Messrs. T. and R. P.?" "I do, very well; they are Unitarians, I believe." "They are; and do you remember," continued the stranger, "making a speech at a public meeting so many months ago?" "I do," replied Mr. G. "Well," added the stranger, "they have sent you £5 as an acknowledgment for that speech; and it

has been entire forgetfulness that they have not sent it sooner, for they say you richly deserve it. One of them wanted to send you £10, but they at last fixed upon £5; and if you require any more, you are to have it." "No, no," said Mr. G.; "£5 is all I need at present; the Lord knew all about it." He then desired the stranger to thank the donors, and got home as soon as he could to pour out his gratitude to his God. At supper, he could not help exclaiming, "How wonderful!" "How kind of Him!" &c. "What can it mean?" "Why," said his wife, "it's to pay for some of my breakages."

We now lay before our readers the following further particulars respecting Mr. Gadsby's visit to and residence at Manchester:

The chapel at Hinckley being built, there was a debt upon it, which, pressing heavily on the people, they sent out their minister, Mr. Gadsby, to beg amongst sister churches. They heard that the church at Angel Meadow, (or Back Lane as it was generally called,) Manchester, was without a minister, and that it was in a low state. They knew that if they sent a request to the Manchester people to let them send their minister to supply for them, and bring his begging case with him, they at once would receive a denial. Mr. Gadsby therefore wrote to the church at Manchester, saying that he wished to do some business in that town, and as they were without a minister, if they were willing he would supply for them for three or four Lord's days. They answered his letter very coolly, saying, as he was coming on business, they had no objection to his supplying for them. So the time was fixed, being in 1803. As Mr. G. was desirous to enter the pulpit and preach, before he had much conversation with any of the people, he entered Manchester by the last coach on Saturday night. His host was Mr. ——,* bookseller, who was one of the deacons of the church for many years, and stood by Mr. G. as long as he lived.

* When Mr. Gadsby had been in Manchester a few years, this deacon, without any writings, gave up his business to his son, conditionally that the son should allow him a certain sum a-week. When he told Mr. G. what he had done, he said, "Friend ——, your son will not keep his word; you will have to work for your living." "O no," said the deacon, "I can trust him." He found his error, however; for though he lived to be nearly 80 years of age, his son made him work as journeyman under him to the last. This same son afterwards went out of his mind, and, we believe, died in a madhouse!

The Baptist cause at Back Lane was very low at the time he first came to Manchester. The first Lord's Day morning that he entered the pulpit he had not more people than there were pews in the place. The first hymn that he gave out was that commencing,

"Awake, my soul, in joyful lays."

There are three members now living who were members at this time. One of them states that he felt so much power under this hymn that he felt persuaded Mr. Gadsby was to be their future minister. Mr. G. preached the great truths of the gospel with the ability that God gives, and not man. The power of the Lord rested upon him, and he blessed the good word of his grace spoken by him to the souls of his people. The doctrines he preached dropped into their hearts, under the anointing power of the Holy Ghost, as the rain upon the thirsty ground, and his speech distilled as the dew. There was that power attending the word which knit the hearts of the people to the preacher for the truth's sake. During the interval between the morning and afternoon service, several of the friends, like the Samaritan woman whom the Lord met with at Jacob's well, went among their friends and acquaintance, and said, "Come, hear what a man the Lord has sent us to Back Lane." By this means the chapel was tolerably well filled in the afternoon, and in the evening it was crowded.

There was a public house to which a few people from the country, who attended Mosley-Street Independent Chapel used to go, on a Lord's Day, to get their bread and cheese. Amongst these was John Warburton. On the first Lord's Day that Mr. Gadsby supplied at Manchester, namely, in 1803, one of the number arrived at the public house rather late; and having been missed from the chapel, the others asked him where he had been. "O," he replied, "I have been to Back Lane, and have heard the best parson I ever heard in my life." "He's not," said a voice angrily; "he's not as good as our own parson." The man turned to the speaker, and said, "Warburton, if ever thou hears't that man, he's just the man for thee; and thou'rt spoil'd for ever hearing any of these other parsons any more." "Indeed," said John, "I shall not go, I'm sure." "Say nothing about it John," he said, "for thou dostn't know." In the afternoon, from the account the man gave of the blessing he had received, under the word, they all went to Back Lane, except John, who would go to his own chapel. After service, however, he met another of the friends, who had been to hear for himself. John asked him how he had liked the new parson. "Now, John," he replied, "don't

get warm as thou didst at noon, but go with me to thy tea, and we'll go in the evening, and thou shalt hear for thyself; for I can assure thee that my very soul has been greatly blessed under him this afternoon." John did so; and of what followed John gives an account on pages 52—54 in his own book, Part I., which we extract:

"The next thing I shall notice is my call to the ministry, which was a wonder to many in my own country, but most of all to myself. I believe that the first moving of God in my soul for the work of the ministry was when I was baptized by that dear man of God, Mr. Gadsby, of Manchester. I had for several years been convinced of baptism, but had tried all in my power to satisfy my mind without attending to it; for I felt such reluctance to leave the Independent Church, the members of which had proved themselves such kind friends to me. I thought it would seem like base ingratitude to leave them, after all their kindness, and as I did not, at that time, know any Baptist Church with which to unite myself, I thought it my duty to abide where I was. Some time after this, Mr. Gadsby came to Manchester to supply the Baptist Church of which he is now the pastor, and I went to hear him. I think I shall never forget the first time I heard him. When I got into the chapel, I thought to myself, What a poor, gloomy, miserable place this is! And as the people came in, I felt such a hatred rise up in my heart against them, as I never felt against any people before. Nay, so much so, that I was just ready to take up my hat and walk out, when Mr. Gadsby got into the pulpit. I was struck with surprise to see so poor and mean-looking a fellow (as I thought him) attempt to preach.* I despised him in my very soul, and thought he looked like an ignorant fool that had not common sense. He arose, and gave out a hymn, but it was in so drawling a way, that I verily believed he could not read. O how the devil rose up in my heart! I even wished that some one or other would raise a disturbance in the chapel; for I thought I could kick him out of it with all the pleasure in the world. My prejudice was so strong, that when he went to prayer, I do believe that I actually hated the sound of his voice. He appeared to me to stutter and stammer as though he could hardly get a word out of his mouth. My soul boiled with rage, and I called myself a thousand fools for coming to hear such a fool. When he had finished his prayer, which was very short, I thought to myself, Poor creature! thou canst never preach, I'm sure; and I felt a secret pleasure in the hope that when

* See the second note, page 34. Mr. Gadsby was very thin at this time.

he had read his text, he would be obliged to tell the people that he could not preach. The words of his text were, 'A good man out of the good treasure of the heart bringeth forth good things; and an evil man out of the evil treasure bringeth forth evil things;' and he was so long in reading them, that I dropped my head down, and thought I would try to go to sleep. He then made a little pause, and I looked up to see what he was about, and he was looking all around the chapel, and rolling his eyes in such a way, that I really thought him crazy. The first words he spoke were, 'Perhaps you will be ready to say, that according to our sentiments we cannot find a good man upon earth. But by the help of God we will, or we will ransack the Bible from Genesis to Revelation.' O how my prejudice was knocked down at a blow. My soul melted like wax before the sun, and I exclaimed, 'God bless thee! The Lord help thee to find the good man!' He first showed that by nature no man was good, and O the depths he entered into in showing man's lost and ruined condition! But when he came to describe the good man, as he stood in Christ, and the good things which were then brought forth out of his heart, my soul was so overcome that I cried out in my feelings, 'Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest I will die.' (Ruth i. 16.) My very soul was knit to him, as closely as Jonathan's to David, and my ears were nailed to the door-post. I had never heard my ins and outs, my ups and downs, my days and nights, my sorrows and joys, so opened up before. Had he been in my very soul, he could not have opened it up more plainly. From that day I attended the Baptist chapel, and O the heavenly times I had when Mr. Gadsby was supplying, for he was not at that time their settled pastor."

Mr. Roby, named by Mr. Warburton, in page 16, Part I., of his book, invited Mr. Gadsby to preach one week night; but so many of Mr. R.'s hearers followed Mr. G. to St. George's-Road, that we believe the invitation was not repeated. When Mr. Gadsby settled in Manchester, Mr. Roby preached against him; and, on one occasion, when Mr. Gadsby was hearing him, Mr. Roby referred to the passage, "Lord, it is time for thee to work, for they have made void thy law." Mr. Gadsby subsequently remarked (some say from the pulpit) that there ought to have been over Mr. Roby's chapel, "Mangling done here."

Mr. G. remained with the people at Manchester four weeks, and the word spoken by him ran, and had free course, and was glorified; so that the good old veterans connected with

the place, whose souls are now in glory, said, "This is the man for us. Let us arise and anoint him." They began to cry mightily to God to make a way for him to come amongst them; and they never rested till he was settled over them as their pastor.

Inquiry soon began to be made what the business was for which he had to come to Manchester; and he at length told them it was to beg for the debt of the chapel at Hinckley. Some opposed his begging, and others were for helping the people at Hinckley; for his preaching had got into their hearts, and they would communicate of their carnal things. The deacons told him he was a crafty beggar, for he took care to see whether he had got into their hearts, before he would try to get into their pockets; so that he got a goodly sum, about £100, and returned home to his family and flock.

It must be noticed that there was a great opposition raised against him by certain influential persons in the Church, he having written against Mr. Fuller; and his maintaining the gospel to be the believer's rule of conduct, and that the faith of God's elect, which is unto salvation, is the gift of God, and not binding upon the unregenerate as a duty, but that it is wrought in the soul by the Holy Ghost, Jesus being its Author and Finisher, &c., gave great offence to some that could not endure sound doctrine. They began to fight against him, and did all they could to prevent his settling at Manchester.

But the hearts of the majority of the church at Manchester were set upon him; and in a short time he was sent for to come again to supply, being in 1804, we believe.

On Mr. Gadsby's *second* visit to Manchester, he baptized Mr. Warburton, who was the first person he baptized in Manchester.

The feeling for him to be settled over them grew stronger and stronger in the minds of the majority of the church; and the minority were as busily fighting against his coming. Being encouraged by some of the neighbouring ministers, a plan was devised to prevent his coming. Mr. Gadsby was at this time in business as a hosier. One of the opposing party had a large stock of hosiery goods to dispose of. These goods were offered to Mr. Gadsby; but he objected to take them, because he had not the money to pay for them. This objection was answered by informing him that he might pay for them by instalments, as he might turn them into money. Thus the bargain was struck, and the goods were sent to Hinckley; and when his time of supplying was up, he followed them. After he was gone home, there was a majority

for giving him a call to become their pastor; but the minority tried to prevent his coming. Now was the time for demand to be made upon him for the money for the hosiery goods, from the consideration that his friends at Hinckley would have to raise him the money, and that this would bind him fast to them, and so prevent his coming to Manchester. When this demand was made, he could not raise the money, and the friends at Hinckley were equally unable to do it for him; so that there appeared no way but his going to gaol for the debt, if the creditor pursued the course he was taking to get his money. The majority of the church at Manchester, knowing how the thing was working, wrote to the church at Hinckley, saying that they would raise the money if they would give their minister up to them. The church at Hinckley, sooner than their minister should go to gaol for debt, gave him up to the people at Manchester. Thus the very plan that was laid to prevent his coming to Manchester, the Lord overruled to be the means of bringing him. Like Joseph's brethren, they meant it for evil, but God overruled it for good. May it not be said that "his way is in the sea, and his paths in the great waters?" Some of the old friends at Hinckley and Desford, amongst them a Mrs. Hancock,* who now lives at Leicester, state that Mr. G. was greatly affected on removing to Manchester, especially at leaving the dear people at Desford, to whom his very soul was united; but he watched the hand of the Lord, saw the cloud move, and followed it; and the Lord was with him to bless him.

The following letter from a gentleman who left with the party who built York-Street Chapel, as named hereafter, giving

* This Mrs. Hancock was originally a churchwoman, but God having begun a work of grace in her soul, she was completely miserable. One Lord's Day, a great stir was made at Desford, near which place she lived, that there was to be a meeting of Methodists, as all Dissenters were at that time called. She went, and heard Mr. G., when the Lord so blessed the word to her soul, that she could go to Church no more. It was of this woman that Mr. G. used to name the following circumstance: "Near the village of Desford lived a widow named Hancock, who had been left with a large but young family. She occupied a small farm. At this widow's house I always slept when I went that way. On one occasion I found her overwhelmed with grief, and on inquiring the cause, learned that the steward had given her notice to quit, as he wanted the farm to add to his own, which was adjoining. He had told her in the first instance that perhaps the landlord would not disturb her, and kept putting her off till the notice had nearly expired; and then he said, 'To tell you the truth, I want the farm myself, but you need not be uneasy, *as I will take your stock at a fair valuation.*' The moment I heard the tale, I exclaimed, 'Mrs. Hancock, don't be uneasy; I believe God will upset

a brief account of the cause before Mr. Gadsby was settled over it, will not be altogether uninteresting:

"Dear Sir,—I have had an interview with an aged friend, who was connected with the Baptist church lately under the pastoral care of your respected father, almost from its commencement. I find the church met originally in Coldhouse Chapel; and Mr. Sharp was chosen their pastor. The church and congregation increasing under his ministry, they resolved to build a new chapel in a more eligible situation; and one was erected in Lever-Street, now occupied as a school-room by the Wesleyan Methodists. Before the building was completed, disputes arose about money matters, [or the title to the land,] which ended in the erection of the chapel in Angel-Meadow, in 1789, to which Mr. Sharp and his friends removed. He continued the pastor for some years; but uneasiness springing up with one of his deacons and some other members of the church, he left Manchester, and became pastor of a Baptist chapel in Bristol. He was succeeded by a Mr. Hindle,* a minister of considerable pulpit talent, and highly esteemed in the dissenting churches, both in Manchester and in Yorkshire. He was removed by death rather suddenly, in May, 1800. A Mr. Hassell succeeded him, and continued a year or two. Dissensions again arising in the church, he removed to Ireland, and died about eight or ten years since. Various ministers supplied the pulpit for some time, when the church chose as their pastor a Mr. Wylie, who, soon after his settlement, quarrelled with the deacons and others in the church, lampooning them publicly from the pulpit, of which I am a witness; and, at the request of the friends, I, with the late Mr. Bury, of

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him.' 'O!' she said, 'it's impossible; the steward wants the farm himself.' 'No matter,' said I, 'I believe God will upset him.' Before going to bed, I went to prayer with a few friends, and I never felt such powerful faith in exercise before. I prayed that God would upset the scheme, and reminded him of his promise to avenge his own elect, and take vengeance on those that oppressed the fatherless and the widow. Next morning, early, some one knocked at my bedroom door. 'Don't be alarmed, Mr. Gadsby,' said Mrs. Hancock; 'it's only me. Excuse me, but I could not help coming to tell you that God has given me faith to believe that he *will* upset the steward.' So off she went to the steward, and began to quote a few passages of scripture to him, about oppressing the fatherless and the widow, &c. The steward began to swear, and said, 'Let me have none of your Methodist sermons here.' 'No,' she replied, 'mine is not a Methodist sermon; it's the word of God, and he'll make you feel it, either in this world or in the world to come; so good morning.' A short time afterwards the steward sent her word she might keep the farm." This was in 1802. In 1812 the steward again began to trouble her, and in 1815 succeeded in getting her out. The year following, he was himself discharged from his stewardship, and thrown on the world. "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord."

* Both Mr. Sharp and Mr. Hindle are buried in one of the chapel aisles. Mr. Sharp was on a visit to some friends at Manchester, when he was taken ill and died.

Pendle-Hill, agreed to give him a sum of money (either £25 or £50) on his quietly leaving Manchester, which he did in the course of a few days. I think this must have been in the year 1803. This movement made way for your late father.

"I am, dear Sir, yours respectfully,

"Cheetham-Hill, March 7, 1844. "HENRY POPE."

"To Mr. John Gadsby."

It was in October, 1805, that Mr. Gadsby removed with his family to Manchester. The chapel was at that time called Back-Lane Chapel, and was situated in Angel Meadow, being then a respectable neighbourhood, with very few houses near it; but, at the present time, so much is the character of the neighbourhood changed, that Mr. Gadsby would sometimes say a street near the chapel, called Angel-Street, should be called "*Black* Angel-Street." The minister who preceded him, to whom he referred in his speech already given, was named Wylie, or Willie. This man turned out to be a bad character, as mentioned in Mr. Pope's letter, above. The Lord's Day but one before he left, he took for his subject, Mark v. 9—13, the devils entering into the herd of swine, &c. He compared the deacons to the devils, and the people to the swine: the deacons had got possession of the people, and they were all rushing headlong together to destruction. The next Lord's Day, he took for his text, Gen. xxxvi. 24, "This was that Anah that found the mules in the wilderness, as he fed the asses of Zibeon his father." The deacons he represented as the mules, and the people as the asses. Of course this could not be suffered to go on; so the people asked him how much they must give him to go. He demanded £100; but they ultimately got rid of him for £50. Mr. Gadsby knew nothing of these circumstances; but, soon after his arrival in Manchester, he took for his text, Isa. xlii. 22, "This is a people robbed and spoiled." He saw the people smile, but, not knowing the cause, he thought it was only at his singular manner.

The opposition that Mr. Gadsby had to encounter from the neighbouring ministers was almost incredible. Not only in Manchester, but throughout the whole county, and also Yorkshire, they appeared with one consent determined to put him down. He was maligned, ridiculed, taunted, but he was nevertheless enabled firmly to maintain his ground. One minister, named Pilling, referring to Mr. Gadsby's views on Christ being the burden-bearer of his people, said, "Some people make Christ into a pack-horse." Mr. Gadsby, as soon as he heard of the remark, wrote the following lines. We

do not give them because of the beauty of the poetry, as Mr. G. was not much of a poet, though he wrote many hymns which are valuable on account of the experience they contain; but simply to show Mr. G.'s views at this time.

"I wonder, John Pilling, that you are so vain,
To pour out contempt on Him that was slain,
Who bore the burden of guilt, wrath, and sin,
Belonging to Zion, his spouse and his queen.

"When you were at Sabden, a few weeks ago,
To please a great printer, you levell'd a blow
At men and at things you did not understand;
So out of your own mouth you shall be condemn'd.

"You say there are some that lay all upon Christ,
And so make a packhorse of Jesus, the Priest;
Such men you thought well to scorn and disdain—
Antinomians, you thought, must be their right name.

"Should you bend your ear to the word of God's grace,
Perhaps it will make you with shame hide your face.
Isaiah, and Paul, and Peter, and Christ,
Will each against your contempt give their voice.

"The first says our griefs and our sorrows He bore,
Was wounded for us, and paid the long score;
In his body He bore our sins on the tree:
Say Peter and Paul, with him we'll agree.

"Of Jesus Paul spoke, and of Jesus did boast,
And said this dear Jesus was made sin for us:
The Lord of the house, King Jesus the Lamb—
Tells Zion to cast all her burdens on Him.

"The burden'd, the helpless, the poor, and distress'd,
He welcomes to come unto him and find rest:
Whoever believes must surely be blest,
For Jesus is to him a Sabbath of rest;

"In Jesus he lives, on him casts his cares;
He has no other shelter from sin, law, and fears:
When wrath and when guilt his soul do oppress,
To Jesus he flies, his refuge of grace.

"When ten thousand evils, too foul to relate,
Rise up and distress his poor broken heart,
Still Christ is his stay, on him he must roll,
For Christ is the life and strength of his soul.

"'Tis pleasing to me, and with pleasure I tell,
Christ bore all my sins and relieved me from hell;
With wonder I gaze, with wonder adore;
If Jesus be mine, my soul craves no more.

"How huge was the burden, how dreadful the smart
That bathed him in blood which was forced from his heart;
Lord, help me to gaze on this bloody scene,
And gaze till I shrink to nothing in Him,
Whose grief was the dreadful effect of my sin.

"Here would I remain, here would I abide,
And sing to the honour of Jesus that died;
And if this is making of Christ a packhorse,
My soul shall for ever of such a horse boast,
Nor will he, nor can he, let my soul be lost.

"Before you again attempt to deride
The men that alone in Jesus confide,
Pray open your Bible, examine, and read,
Nor dream that Jehovah will pass by the deed.

"Suppose you can please a great man or two,
By bending your malice against whom you know;
What will it avail in that awful day,
When you must account give of all that you say?

"If God has you sent his gospel to preach,
Be faithful and zealous his truth for to teach,
Nor dare to demean the office you bear
By striving to please Baxterians here.

"To be sure, by so doing you may get a place
In the parlour of one that to truth 's a disgrace;
Of one, too, that once to you appear'd mean,
Nor can you forget what you said about him.

"Pray do not the truth deride, but admire;
Remember your rule is armed with fire;
And should you at last under this rule be found,
With ten thousand horrors your soul will abound.

"I hope, while I've breath, to preach Jesus Christ,
The Alpha, Omega, the first and the last;
The author of faith, and finisher too,
The life, strength, and wisdom of each saint below.

"Nor will I forbear to tell the Lord's church,
That they're dead to Moses and married to Christ;
A union the latter that can't be dissolved,
And Zion shall know that she's one with the Lord.

"Her husband is Jesus, the end of the law;
In him she's complete, without any flaw:
United to him, they together are join'd;
He'll not reign in heaven and leave her behind.

"Pray, John, will you tell us what *you* mean to bear?
With freedom your sentiments to us declare;
Say what is the number, the weight, or the size
You have to stand under to gain the rich prize.

"Now if you should say that Christ is your all,
He bore all your sins, and on him you fall,
Why, then, you're the man, O think, John, and blush,
I say you're the man that makes Christ a packhorse.

"And now I conclude my prose and my rhyme,
In hope that you'll answer it in a short time;
If any thing's wrong, I must bear the blame;
I live at Manchester, and Gadsby's my name."

Some time after Mr. G.'s settlement at Manchester, a Mr. Smyth, a minister of the Church of England, wrote against Mr. Roby, on account of his Calvinistic creed. Mr. G. not being altogether satisfied with Mr. R.'s reply, wrote his "Everlasting Task for Arminians, being a Letter to Mr. Smyth," &c. The only reply that Mr. S. made was, that "as Mr. G. compared himself to a country rustic, so he (Mr. Smyth) would pass him by as a good dog would in a farm yard."

In 1806, Mr. Gadsby's first son was born; on which occasion, he penned the following, which shows that Mr. G. was enabled to set up his Ebenezer after his removal to Manchester:

"In the year one thousand eight hundred and six,
Twenty-eighth day of June, as Jehovah did fix,
He gave me a son, on that very morn;
And at twenty-two minutes past nine he was born.
The kind hand of God at the time did appear,
The mother to save, and banish her fear;
And then gave her joy that a man-child was born.
I listened hard by, and the news soon came down.
From the goodness of God made so very plain,
We quickly agreed upon the lad's name:
'EBENEZER,' we'll call him; for, unto this day,
Jehovah, the I AM, has prosper'd our way.
May the Lord make us grateful, and fill us with praise,
To Him who is faithful, abounding with grace;

And may young EBENEZER, in due time, be brought
To cry, 'Abba, Father!' and 'Victory!' shout.
May the lad and his mother, and sisters likewise,
With their unworthy father, obtain the rich prize,
Which fighting, nor running, nor working, can gain,
Nor man, wise and cunning, by wit can obtain;
No, it is freely given, and makes beggars rich;
'Tis the bounty of Heaven, and all springs from grace;
'Tis nought short of Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose glorious fulness affords a rich feast.
Should the Lord bless us thus, we'll make heaven ring
With 'Salvation of Christ!' and of Christ we will sing;
We'll tell how he loved us and washed us, and then
Sing sweet Hallelujahs to God and the Lamb."

In May, 1809, Mr. Gadsby baptized Mr. Kershaw, Mr. Kershaw being then under 17 years of age.

After Mr. G.'s settlement at Manchester, a variety of circumstances occurred, some of which we have gleaned, and purpose giving here those for which we have no particular dates. The others will be inserted in their proper places.

Mr. G.'s house was once broken into. Having had some unpleasantness with his family, he went to bed in a sullen humour, without going to prayer with his family as was usual. He then lived in the house adjoining the chapel. It was about 1809 or 1810.

Another night he felt so sleepy and fatigued, and so little heart for prayer, that he thought it would be mockery to attempt it; so he went to bed without; "but," said he, "this pleased the devil so well, that after that I was often both sleepy and lazy, fancying I was *fatigued;* till at last I was made to cry mightily to the Lord to deliver me from this *sleepy devil,* for I was often visited with it afterwards."

Mr. G. had a wealthy hearer who had two sons. For some time after he had settled at Manchester, he seemed very much concerned about these two young men. He often thought if the Lord would but put his grace in their hearts, how useful they might be; and Lord's Day after Lord's Day he could think of scarcely anything but these young men. One day, he was requested to go and see a poor cripple who was dying. He went, but found it was not any one whom he knew by sight. "Have you ever been to chapel?" asked Mr. G. "O yes," said the poor youth, "many a time, and many a blessed hour have I had there!" "Indeed," said Mr. G., "I don't remember having seen you." "O, no," replied the youth, "I used

to wait outside till all the people had gone in, and then I crept on the gallery stairs." And he then, in a most sweet manner, went on to state the dealings of the Lord with his soul. "Dear Lord, I said to myself, what a poor fool I am, Thou hast been at work on the gallery stairs with this poor cripple, while my thoughts have been among gentlemen in a baize-covered seat."

The dissenting ministers of Manchester had a meeting, to take into consideration the best method of preaching for the furtherance of the Gospel, to which meeting Mr. G. was invited, but he did not go. After the meeting, he met one of the ministers who attended it, who said to Mr. G., "You were not at the meeting;" to which he replied, "No." The minister said, "O you should have been there, we had such a grand meeting." Mr. G. said, "Well, what conclusions did you come to?" He said, "They all unanimously agreed that the best method for the spread of the Gospel was to preach in a way that the people could not discern whether they preached free will or free grace." Mr. G. replied, "Well, I was not there, but I can tell you who was, and sat president in the chair." The minister said, "Who?" Mr. G. replied, "The devil."

When meditating one day, he heard a buzzing noise, and looking to see what it was, he saw a wasp entangled in a spider's web. The wasp seemed sensible of its danger, and tried hard to release itself; but the harder it tried the more entangled it became, till at length it was exhausted, and then the spider killed it. "O," said he, "how this represents a sinner entangled with the world! He often sees his danger when it is too late, and, if grace prevent not, eternal death will be his lot."

Though never rude in company, yet he detested forms and ceremonies when carried too far, especially by professors of religion. He never could reconcile religion and fashion, and was always exceedingly grieved when he saw any of his friends following the customs of the world. A large party of friends were once invited to meet him in a town in one of the midland counties. At tea, they all sat round the room, and the servant handed the tea round on a waiter. Mr. G. said, "Stop, my lass," and poured the tea out of one cup into another, the two together just making one full cup. Finding that he must wait some time before his turn came again, and having to preach the same night, he left the room and went into the kitchen. "Where is Mr. Gadsby?" asked the hostess. "He is getting his tea in the kitchen," replied the girl.

Mr. G. subsequently rebuked the lady of the house for professing godliness, and yet adhering so closely to the fashions of the world.

Mr. G. often related the following circumstance. "I once baptized a woman who travelled (going and coming) eleven miles every Sunday to hear me preach. Her husband was a dreadful drunkard, and repeatedly beat her for going to my chapel. Once, when she was to attend a church meeting to give in her experience, her husband swore he would be there also, and left home for that purpose. On the road he met some of his pot companions, and perhaps turned in to have a pint of beer with them; for he seemed to forget what errand he was upon, and stayed so long that when he reached the chapel door the members were leaving to go home, and he was disappointed. When he got back to his residence, he fell to beating his wife, and swore that he would give her two such eyes and such features as she should not for shame go to chapel any more. She said she did not care; so long as he did not break her bones she would still continue to go, and if it pleased God she would go the next Sunday and be baptized. Still he threatened vengeance; but his wife was not to be diverted from her purpose. He therefore said she should take her clothes and leave his house. She packed them up; and as she was leaving the house, he called her back, and told her that if she would not promise to refrain from going to hear that Gadsby preach, she should go without her clothes. She went without them; and, as if his hard heart relented at seeing her fixed determination, he called her back and told her he supposed, if she was determined, that she must go; adding, 'I do not know what the devil is in these people.' Some days afterwards, when he was as usual in the public-house, his companions surrounded him, reviling him for being such a fool as to let his wife be baptized by such a fellow as that Gadsby. 'What would you have had me to do?' asked he. 'Oh, I would have beat her well and blackened her eyes!' said one. 'I have done that,' said he; 'what else would you have done?" 'I would have turned her away,' said another. 'I have done that, too,' said he; 'and depend upon it,' he continued, 'if ever your wives get among such a set, neither you nor the devil will be able to get them out.'"

At a friend's house in the country, he was taken suddenly ill after preaching. He knocked the family up, when the Lord broke into his soul with such love and joy, and that hymn,

"Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,"

was made so precious to him, that he fully believed he was dying. The master of the house went back to his wife, and said, "Mr. Gadsby's dying; he's so happy; indeed, he's in heaven now." Medical assistance was procured, and the means used were blessed to his restoration. Mr. G. could never afterwards give out that hymn without feeling a degree of solemnity that is better known than described.

A gracious but very poor woman, a member of Mr. G.'s church, was lying on her death-bed. The late Mr. Nunn, minister of St. Clement's church, Manchester, went to see her. In the course of conversation, he asked her if she had ever heard him preach. "Why, yes, *once*," she replied. "*Only* once," said Mr. N.; "how was that? Did not you like what I said?" "Why to tell you the truth," she replied, "I was so stuffed with *broth*, I had no room for *meat*," (alluding, by the *broth*, to the church prayers). Mr. G. subsequently called to see her. She was lying on a straw bed, in a most filthy state. A dirty, lazy daughter was with her, and the cellar, from the ceiling to the floor, was covered with filth, while the daughter, about fifty years of age, was sitting with folded arms. "I found," said Mr. G., "a dreadful stench on entering the cellar. Old bones, old rags, and all sorts of rubbish and dirt were piled up in different parts. Good Lord, I said, what a miserable place! I'll get out of this as soon as I can. I could not live here a week. I then addressed myself to the poor old woman. 'Well, Mary,' I said, 'how are you?' 'O,' she replied, 'I'm as happy as a queen. I don't think the Lord deals as mercifully with anybody as he does with me. He is most precious to me, and his visits are most sweet.' 'O,' continued Mr. G., 'how I blushed! This was indeed a humbling time to me, and I never can forget the preciousness of that visit.'"

His wife was once gone to market, and left him to nurse the child. He commenced composing a hymn, but the child was so very cross that he had to walk with it about the room, and then when he had composed a verse, write it down as well as he could, with the child in his arms. The hymn was the 611th.

> "Lord, I freely would confess,
> I am all unrighteousness;
> Base and vile from head to feet;
> Full of pride and self-conceit."

He used to say that if he had given the hymn a name, he should have called it "The Cross Child."

At Bradford, in Yorkshire, there was a Baptist Academy. When preaching there on one occasion Mr. G. saw, ranged before him, a whole phalanx of the students, trying to outface him. He commented a little on the evils of religious colleges, academies, &c., and the curse that attended them. "The students," said he, "I am told, usually go for three years. The first year they learn to brush their hair wrong way about, from front to back. [Down dropped their heads.] The second year they learn to wear a gold ring on their little fingers, that they can point with some consequence to their hearers. [Down dropped their hands.] And the third year they learn what they call The-o-lo-gy."

A Baptist minister in Leicestershire, (or Warwickshire,) had a sheep which got fast in a hedge, when, instead of helping to release it, he took up a heavy stick and killed it. This minister had always plenty to say against Antinomianism. Shortly afterwards, Mr. G. was passing through the place, and stopped to preach. In the course of his sermon, he was describing a poor sheep of Christ in a backsliding state, running from the sheepfold, and getting entangled in the thorns and briars, and the more it struggled the more the wool stuck to the brambles, when he remarked that in his own good time the shepherd went to seek out his sheep; "and what does he do when he finds it? Why, of course, takes up a cudgel and knocks the poor thing's brains out." (The whole congregation smiled.) "No, no," he continued, "if he were an Arminian shepherd he might do that, but Jesus, the good shepherd, carefully pulls out the thorns, and lays the sheep on his shoulders."

Mr. Gadsby once preached at a Particular Baptist chapel, the minister of which held the moral law to be the believers' rule of life. At dinner, the minister discussed the subject with Mr. G., and got into a passion, and told him (Mr. G.) he deserved better treatment at his hands, having invited him to dinner. On leaving, Mr. G. left 1s. 6d. under his plate to pay for his dinner, showing that the gospel had more influence on Mr. G.'s conduct than the moral law had on the host's.

Some years ago, the notorious Carlile sent Mr. G. a challenge to discuss certain points with him respecting the truths of revelation, conveying with the challenge an insinuation that Mr. G. was only preaching for a morsel of bread. Mr. G. read Carlile's letter from the pulpit, and remarked that he would as soon think of discussing the propriety or impropriety of a common brothel as the sentiments of such a man

And as to his insinuation about preaching for a morsel of bread, if the people had any idea of the sort, he begged they would withdraw their support, and he could trust to that God who had never yet forsaken him, and who he believed never would forsake him, and who has said, "Thy bread shall be given thee, and thy water shall be sure."

Mr. G. said he knew how to cure runaway parsons. A friend from Yorkshire was once supplying for him, when, feeling shut up, he set off in the evening without preaching. Going into the neighbourhood some time afterwards, he was asked how it was they had not sent for —— as usual. "O," said Mr. G., "it's no use sending for parsons that cannot preach."

Before Mr. Warburton was a stated Minister, he used to supply frequently for Mr. G. One Lord's Day, Mr. G. not being very well, Mr. W. engaged to preach for him in the evening. They took tea together at a friend's house; and during tea, Mr. W. kept exclaiming, "It's too bad to make me preach against my will; it's a shame," &c.; till at length Mr. G. said, "They shall *not* make you, John; you shall please yourself now." "O," replied Mr. W., I suppose I *may* please myself *now*, when arrangements have been made for me." They went to chapel, and Mr. W. took for his text, "To you that believe, he is precious." On the first part—faith, he spoke very sweetly and freely, so as to astonish not only the people, but Mr. G. himself; but when he came to his second head—the preciousness of Christ, he stopped short, trembled, turned pale, became quite hoarse, apologized, and sat down confused. Mr. G., who was in the table-pew, then got up, and said, "As friend Warburton appears to have become hoarse, and has given you a description of a believer, I will endeavour, with the Lord's assistance, to speak of the preciousness of Christ to that believer;" which he did in his usual manner, Mr. W. remaining in the pulpit all the time. When service was over, Mr. W. went to him, and said, "I felt as if I could have blown your brains out, making me sit there like a fool, and the people staring at me."

On another occasion, Mr. Warburton was lamenting his inability to preach, saying he was unfit to preach, he could not preach, and so forth, when Mr. G. said, "No, Pope Jack, I don't think you *can* preach." Mr. W. made no reply, but started off home. His porridge was on the table, and with unusual speed he began to eat it. At length, starting up, he said, "But I *can* preach, and I *will* preach, let Bill Gadsby say what he will!"

On one occasion, a few friends, at a place where Mr. G. had been preaching, gave him a quantity of silk, about enough to make four dresses. The friends told him they had bought it very cheap, and that since they had bought it, they had seen an account in the newspapers that a large quantity of silk had been smuggled, and they were afraid that this was part of it. Mr. G. thought no more of it, but put the silk in his portmanteau. He then started by the coach for home. When the coach arrived at the first stage to change horses, several of the London police were waiting to examine the luggage of the passengers. When Mr. G. heard this, his very heart sank within him. "O," said he, "this silk must have been smuggled! What must I do? O this abominable smuggling! I shall be taken up, silk and all, and the church of God will be evil-spoken of, through the well-meant kindness of real friends. I can do nothing in it. It will take a greater power than mine to get through this job. There is nothing too hard for the Lord, but I fear he will not help me out of this." By this time, the officers had examined most of the luggage, and had come to Mr. G.'s portmanteau, which had his name on, "Wm. Gadsby, Manchester." They proceeded to open it, when one of them said, "You need not examine that. It belongs to Mr. Gadsby, the preacher. There is nothing there." "O," said Mr. G. to himself, "that's a doctrine just suited to my circumstances. I hope the other officers will be made to take his word." At the same instant, the portmanteau was pushed amongst the searched ones, the key was returned to him, and he put it into his pocket, saying, "Bless the Lord for this deliverance! No more smuggled goods for me!"

About twenty years ago, a person in America, named King, sent Mr. Gadsby his authority to receive for him £100, which had been left him by an uncle at Hinckley. Mr. Gadsby had to preach at Hinckley the same night. He received the money and put it into his portmanteau. While preaching he was sorely harassed about the £100, especially when he saw all the people at whose house he was staying, come into the chapel. The devil told him somebody would break into the house, and steal the money, as there was nobody in the house. As soon as he got home he inquired if all was safe, and was answered in the affirmative. The next night he had to preach at Attleborough, but would not take his portmanteau with him. He said to his wife's brother, "You shall stay at home, and take coach next morning to meet me at Bedworth, for the devil shall not so harass me again on this score." This was done, and Mr. King received his money safely.

Many years ago Mr. Gadsby preached at Oldham. The sermon was particularly blessed to many of the Lord's people. So impressive was the discourse, that it is still fresh in the memories of some. After service, two friends, on their way home, had to pass the church clock, and on raising his eyes to the dial, one expressed to the other his surprise at the position of the fingers. "Why, James, what is to do with the clock to-night?" "I don't know," replied the other, "but I see it is wrong." They passed on till they came to the centre of the town, when the closed shops convinced them of the lateness of the hour. "Why, bless me!" says one, where has the man been carrying us to? the discourse has been so blessed to my soul that I did not think it longer than usual." Mr. G. preached until a few minutes to ten.

About thirty years ago, Mr. G. was solicited to baptize at a place in Derbyshire. A chapel was obtained, whose mouldering walls, broken windows, and rotten timbers* were gloomy evidences that the general voice from the pulpit was powerless in wooing a congregation; but on this occasion it was crowded to excess, some of the people apparently devouring the words of eternal life as they fell from Mr. G.'s lips. After preaching in the chapel, he had to preach in a mill a few miles distant. The road to the mill was difficult, and in some places very steep, Mr. G. and a friend who was with him from Manchester having to climb on their hands and knees. Arrived at the mill, Mr. G. preached with his back to the mill-hopper, and his friend sat on the ladder. So powerful and blessed was the subject, and the way in which he handled it, that the people, with open mouths and bent bodies, pressed towards him. When he concluded, his friend tapped him on the shoulder, showing him his watch, which told Mr. G. he had preached two hours within ten minutes. Mr. G. cried, "*Billy, Billy, why did not you pull me by the coat?*"

A Baptist minister was once conversing with him about the doctrines that he preached, telling him that they led to licentiousness. "Indeed," said Mr. G., "do they lead *me* to licentiousness?" "Why, no," replied the minister, "I don't mean *you* exactly." "Well," said Mr. G., "do they lead *my church* to licentiousness?" "No," replied the minister; "I don't say they do." "Well," continued Mr. G., "do they lead *you* to licentiousness?" "No," replied the minister, "for I don't believe in them." "Well, then," said Mr. G., "if they lead neither believers nor unbelievers to licentiousness, pray tell me who the characters are that they do so lead?"

* On setting his foot on the first step of the pulpit, it broke down.

Mr. G. was an example to his family and his flock by the regular hours that he kept. "Early to bed and early to rise," was a favourite maxim with him. "Some ministers," he would say, "will sit up, night after night, gossipping till midnight, but I must keep early hours. I was once preaching in a large town, and I heard the friend with whom I was staying invite a considerable number of the people to supper. I said nothing; but, knowing that if I must do my work the next day I must have my rest, I called for the Bible immediately after supper, engaged in prayer, and then stole away to bed."

Mr. G. was once in great bondage of soul and darkness of mind, when he took up his Bible, and opened to the 16th chapter of Ezekiel. "Everything," he said, "seemed to tell me that I was the very person there described—that I was the guilty, vile creature there set forth; and though I had never been suffered to commit carnal fornication, (nor does the passage mean that,) yet I found that I had committed spiritual fornication, and I sunk many fathoms low in my mind, and saw the desperate wickedness of my nature in a way which I had never done before. I exclaimed, 'This is my case; whatever is this people's lot will be my lot; damned or saved, I must go with them.' When I got to the 63rd verse, 'That thou mayest remember,' &c., I cried out, 'They're safe, they're safe!' and my soul was set at liberty. O what a holy joy I found! there was a sweet serenity in my heart, a confounding of all my reasoning powers, and I was brought to wonder at God's overwhelming grace and mercy towards me."

One Lord's Day, after preaching in the morning, he felt so shut up and dark, and had no text for the afternoon, that he went to lie down on his bed that he might study. As soon as he had closed his door, instead of meditating upon spiritual things, he began to think that it was possible to make paper out of bones; and there he lay, gathering together all the old bones in the town, extracting oil from them, and then making them into paper, until he was disturbed by a knock at the door. "Who is there?" cried he. "It's time to go to chapel," answered his wife. "Time to go to chapel!" said he. "Good Lord, where have I been, and what have I been about?" He went into the pulpit, and preached from these words: "Without me ye can do nothing;" and truly he felt the truth of the text in his own soul.

The Socialists, as they are called, have a hall in which they hold their meetings, in Camp-Field, Manchester. In alluding

to this class of beings, Mr. G. once said that a railway had lately been opened to hell, and that the station-house was in Camp-Field.

When he found persons beholding a mote in their brother's eye, and taking every opportunity "to blob it about," as he termed it, he always looked upon them rather suspiciously, expecting that they had a "beam" concealed somewhere in their own. At Liverpool, we believe, he was once invited to meet a few friends to tea. He there met with a young lady who refused to sit down to tea with an old Christian, because he had a pint of ale every day. Mr. G. seemed surprised; but his surprise was increased when he learned that this same lady sent out every Sunday to buy cream for her tea. He called her "Miss Camel-swallower;" "for," said he, "if this is not straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel, I don't know what is."

At another time of his life, a great professor (we believe a preacher) said to him, "Really, Mr. Gadsby, you are one of the strangest preachers I ever knew, and those of your belief are as strange. You will have nothing to do with other professors of religion, nor associate with other preachers but those of your own sect; if you would, you might be the means of doing much more good; but you are quite alone." Mr. G. replied, "This is one proof of the truth of God's word, where it says, 'The people shall dwell alone, and not be counted among the nations.'"

At another time, the doctor was called in, some branch of the family being ill. When he stepped into the sitting-room, he observed, "Well, Mr. Gadsby, you are reading that book you love so well," meaning the Bible. "Yes," was his reply. "Well," said the doctor, "I cannot believe that the whole of that book is inspired." "I don't wonder at that," replied Mr. G.; "for if you did, I should have reason to believe that this book told lies, for it says, 'The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, they are foolishness to him; so that you prove it to be true." Doctor: "But who, in all the world, can believe that God inspired David to write such a shameful account of himself?" Mr. G.: "The very reason you bring forward to prove your assertion, I bring to prove the Scriptures inspired; for David would have kept his shameful conduct a secret for ever, had not God inspired him, and made him write his own shame," &c.

The late Dr. Banks, of Manchester, was, some years ago, conversing with Mr. G. about the spread of Christianity.

"Look," said he, "at the large number of new chapels that are being built. Is not this a proof that we are near the millennium?" "Doctor," replied Mr. G., "if we had to attend our respective places of worship with our lives in our hands, as our forefathers had,—that, if we dared to go, we should in all probability be dragged to a prison, and thence to the stake, —how many new chapels would be required, think ye?" "Why," said the doctor, "I think one would hold all."

He once saw a lad, who wore wooden clogs, fast in a clay pit. The more he struggled, the deeper he sank, till at last Mr. G. helped him out; but they had to leave his clogs behind. "Just so," Mr. G. would observe, "is it with a poor sinner who has the sentence of death in his conscience; the more he strives to free himself, and to get rid of the wrath of God in his conscience, the deeper he sinks in guilt, till at length the dear Lord gives him a dead lift out of the mire and the clay, and sets his feet on a rock; only he is sure to leave his clogs behind him." It was this circumstance that caused him to pen that hymn,

"Yes, without a clog of clay,
I'll go singing all the way."

Near to Hinckley, there was a chapel that was endowed, but, being without a minister, the funds were in the possession of a wealthy but covetous farmer. Mr. G. was once invited to preach there. He had to walk several miles to the place, on the Lord's Day morning; and when he reached, he was told that he would find some bread and cheese and beer in the pulpit for his breakfast. So into the pulpit he went to eat his breakfast while the people were assembling. After the service, he inquired about the people, who they were, and what they were, when he learned the above particulars. He was again invited; and on his way the second time, he met a minister whom he knew. "Where are you going?" inquired the minister. "To such a place," said Mr. G. "Why *are* you? The old farmer owes me so much money for expenses," replied the minister. "More fool you for letting him," Mr. G. said, "or any such a covetous, arrogant wretch." They parted, and Mr. G. again went into the pulpit to have his bread and cheese and beer. He took for his text, "Ourselves, your servants for Christ's sake." He said, "According to some people's views, it ought to be your *slaves* instead of servants; for God's ministers are so hated by them that they ought to be either angels or jackasses. If they were angels, then they could fly to their better kingdom when they had done their Master's work; and if they were jackasses, then the people

could give them a kick behind, and turn them into the lane." After service, the farmer went up to him, and professed to have been very much blessed under his discourse, and asked him when he would come again. "Never," said Mr. G., "till you ask me to your house, and make me comfortable, as you ought to do with the public money that you have." "O well," said the farmer, "you shall come." "Besides," said Mr. G., "as I was coming here this morning, I met Mr. —— , and he told me you owed him so much money for preaching." "Indeed," said the farmer, "and what did you say?" Why, I said more fool he for letting you, or any such a covetous, arrogant wretch." The rebuke proved seasonable.

Mr. G. used to tell of the Nuneaton clergyman the following circumstance: A young man, who was labouring under deep convictions for sin, went to him (the parish clergyman) to receive a little comfort. "What particular sins have you been guilty of?" inquired the parson. "O," said the young man, "mine are not so much open sins as heart sins." "Heart sins!" said the clergyman, "what are they?" And he forthwith took down the dictionary to ascertain the meaning of the word. "I cannot find the word here," said he: "here is *heart's ease*,— that's a plant, but I cannot find *heart sins!*" And such was the ignorance, spiritually, of the Nuneaton parish teacher!

Going to a place near to Cambridge, on one occasion, inside a coach, he had two ladies and a gentleman for his companions. The gentleman, the greater part of the journey, amused the ladies by telling them stories about a man at Manchester named Gadsby. Most of the tales were, of course, gross falsehoods. Mr. G. joined in the laugh for some distance, and added some anecdotes of this said Gadsby, which highly delighted his fellow-travellers. At length, he asked the gentleman who had told him such and such things. "O," replied he, "I had them from most respectable authority, a personal friend of mine." Shortly afterwards, the coach stopped at Mr. G.'s destination. Several friends met him, and, eagerly shaking hands with him, inquired, "How do you do, Mr. Gadsby? How do you do?" His fellow-travellers were panic-stricken, which Mr. G. observing, he turned to the gentleman, and said, "The next time you see your respectable friend, tell him that such and such things are lies, and that William Gadsby himself told you they were lies." The gentleman began to apologize. "O, it needs no apology," said Mr. G.; "only before you again repeat falsehoods, be sure you know whose company you are in."

A short time afterwards he was returning home, when a gentleman told him he was going to Manchester to see the king of the Antinomians, a man named Gadsby, and he too had a good deal to say, until Mr. G. made himself known.

On another occasion he was outside a coach, when he had for a companion a young man in a state of intoxication. This young man was attacking every person on the coach about his religion, accompanying his remarks with the most awful language and horrid oaths. "What do *you* know about religion? You are only an Arminian. You know nothing about *real* religion;" and so forth. Mr. G. at length stopped him, and said, "Young man, you appear to know something of the letter of the truth. You are in an awful state! You are of that class who hold the truth in unrighteousness; and, dying as you are, you are as sure to be damned as you are now on this coach." Instead of falling under the rebuke, the young man began to abuse him, but of course Mr. Gadsby had done with him. They reached the town to which it seemed the young man was also going; and who should be at the coach-office to meet Mr. G. but this young man's uncle, and, we believe, guardian? We need not describe the scene that ensued, and the debasement of the young man, when he found who he had been travelling with. Mr. Gadsby frequently named this as an instance of the awful lengths into which people may run who have the doctrines of truth in their heads, but not their power in their hearts. (Rom. i. 18.)

Mr. G. always insisted that if the truth took possession of a man's heart, it would make his hand find its way into his pocket. He was in the habit of going out to preach for a friend in the ministry who was very poor, but who had a very rich member. After preaching, this man always went into the vestry, and professed to have been much blessed under the sermon. Mr. G. at last asked the minister who the man was, and what he was. "O," replied the minister, "he is the greatest mystery to me that I have in the place. He is always saying how much he profits under me, and yet, though he is worth thousands, all that he gives towards the support of the place is one shilling and sixpence a quarter for his sitting." Mr. G. said no more until his next visit, when the man went into the vestry with his usual tale. "I don't believe you," said Mr. G. The man seemed surprised, but assured him it was true. "Then," replied Mr. G., "the Bible cannot be true, for it says, 'By their fruits we shall know them;' and if all your fruit is one shilling and sixpence a quarter, the root cannot be worth much."

One hot summer's day he was preaching in the country, from the words, "Bear ye one another's burdens," &c. After service, he was shown a verse that some person had written on the chapel door:

"If we must each other's burden's bear,
And 'tis to be our lot,
It should have been a winter's day,
For summer is too hot."

He was once exposing the nature of some particular crime, stating that though no one might be acquainted with the circumstances but the individual himself, yet that God knew, and that sooner or later he would visit him for it. If he were a child of God he would punish him in this world, and if not, in the world to come. A person who was present, and who had been guilty of the very thing Mr. G. had been speaking about, said, "I wonder whether Mr. Gadsby knows anything about such and such a thing. If he does not, there's a rod in pickle for me as sure as I am alive; but if he does, the old knave thought to frighten to me." Mr. G. sometimes named this to show that the less a minister knew of his people's circumstances the better.

A minister once told him he took care that when he preached, the people could not tell whether he was a Calvinist or an Arminian. "Then," said Mr. G., "you may as well preach Heathenism."

"One morning," said Mr. Gadsby, "just before I entered the pulpit, a person brought me word that my father was dead. Now, he was a sober, steady, hard-working man; but I knew he was a stranger to God and his salvation. The devil set in upon me: 'Now, what do you think of the doctrine of election? Look at your poor father,—a sober, industrious, steady man, and yet, according to your creed, he is in hell.' O how this harrowed up my feelings! and my heart heaved up rebellion against the sovereignty of God. I had to go into the pulpit under these feelings; and the only text I could fix my mind upon to preach from, was this: 'The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded.' I enjoyed some liberty in speaking, and, for a time, quite forgot the circumstance of my father's death. When I came down from the pulpit, I received the pleasing intelligence that he was not dead, but seriously ill. But it pleased God to spare him many years after this, and he lived to enjoy electing love in his own soul. I mention this to show how the enemy can work on our natural feelings to stir up enmity and rebellion

against the sovereignty of the eternal God; and none but the Lord himself can subdue these things, and bring the soul feelingly to say, 'The will of the Lord be done."

A curate in the Church of England, a Mr. H., who professes to believe in the doctrines of the gospel, was once remarking on Rom. vi. 5, "For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection," when he observed, "This passage is by the Baptists made much of to prove immersion. Now," continued the *Rev.* expositor, "every body, who has a grain of common sense, knows what *planted* means. It means, putting a thing part *in*, and part *out of*, the ground, and leaving it there; so that, according to the figure, the Baptists should be put part in the water, and part out of the water, and remain there." Mr. G. having heard of this, named it from the pulpit, and said, "Now, as this minister professes to be a child of God, I would ask him which part he would like *put in*, and which *left out*, when he is planted in the likeness of Christ's resurrection?"

He had once occasion to consult two doctors for some member of his family, when one of them did not express himself in a very friendly manner respecting the other. "He has never gone through his degrees," said he; "all that he knows is from his practice, while I had to pay so much money for my knowledge." "Well," replied Mr. G., "give me the man that knows by practice and experience; never mind theory. Head-knowledge is nothing without experience."

Mr. G. once went to hear a dry head-knowledge minister, of some popularity, still living, who had a clerk whose manner was not very pleasing. The minister left his respects for Mr. G. at the house where he was staying, and said, "Tell him I fear he would not very well like my clerk." "No," said Mr. G., when the message was delivered, "nor the parson either."

Being at Oldham to dinner, Mr. G. was in a particularly free humour, and very communicative. He talked at the table for nearly an hour; when one of the children, a poor idiot, put his head in at the door, and said, "Thou talks too long, man." "O dear," said Mr. G., "I'm very sorry; I've been keeping these children without their dinners." He immediately rose, and insisted upon the dinner being sent out, and he would help to serve them.

In 1810, a friend of Mr. Gadsby's commenced business as

a baker and flour dealer. Mr. G. felt a real concern for his welfare, and often called to see him. He frequently gave him good advice, fearing that, being inexperienced, he might trust too much, and so ruin himself. In 1818, he had been speculating in flour, and when Mr. G. called one day he found his friend in his warehouse, busy among some sacks of flour. "What are you doing, neighbour?" asked Mr. G. "I am untying these sacks of flour," replied his friend, "and putting this stick down the middle, to let in air to the bottom of the sacks, to prevent the flour from becoming heated and sour." "O, J., J.!" said Mr. G., "you have been speculating." They left the warehouse together, and went into the shop, when Mr. G. said, "O, Mrs. —, your husband has been speculating." "Yes," she replied, "and I have been scolding him for it, for as sure as ever he speculates, flour comes down in price." Pen and ink were lying on the counter. "Give me some paper," said Mr. G. He then sat down and wrote the following lines, left them on the counter, and went away. They have often been quoted in the Manchester Corn Exchange:

"If men will deal in speculation,
They must expect heart vexation;
Although at times they seem to gain,
A fall comes on that gives them pain,
And then their pleasing hopes are slain.

"Pray take a friend's advice, and never
Swim in speculation's river;
But rather take things as they come,
And that will give more peace at home."

About the year 1816 or 1818, one of his sons was much afflicted in his left arm. The doctor's bills had been very heavy, and one of the doctors at length told Mrs. G. that there was no cure but having the arm amputated. Mrs. G. replied, "I'll take him on my back, and go begging first." Mr. G. was in London at the time, when he heard of a medicine which, as a means, had effected innumerable cures—Dr. Webster's English Diet Drink. He purchased some and sent it down for his son. In a short time the arm was healed, which circumstance induced Mr. G. to turn medicine vendor. He ordered very large quantities, having it at wholesale prices, and recommended it to his friends, giving to his poorer members as much as he could possibly afford. This went on for some time, and he omitted taking out a license as a patent medicine vendor. One night he dreamed that two men came into his house, and caused him a great deal of trouble. Next morning, while at breakfast, he was told he was wanted, when,

to his great alarm, he saw the very men whose representation had been shown him in his dream, and they said they wanted a bottle of Webster's Diet Drink. He of course declined letting them have it, (for they were informers,) and hastily posted into the town to take out a license.

One Tuesday night, about the year 1820, when going home after preaching, he could not call to mind the text that he had been preaching from. When he reached home, he asked his daughters where the text was. They told him. "It never could be," he replied; nor could they persuade him that it was. Next morning, the text returned to him with some little power. As soon as he got down stairs, he said, "You lasses, where did you say the text was?" They again told him. "Yes," he replied, but that is not the one you named last night." "O yes, father, it is," they avowed. "Well, then," he said, "I see it very differently!"

A year or two ago, he was at Sheffield, when, being unwell, he was prevailed upon to see a physician of some repute. The physician told him it was indispensable that he should give up preaching for a time. "I never shall, doctor," Mr. G. said, "while I'm able to speak." The physician then wrote him a prescription; but, before having it made up, Mr. G. submitted it to a friend to decipher it. "Why," said his friend, "this is to salivate you." "Aye, aye," replied Mr. G., laughing, "the doctor told me I must give up preaching for a bit; and because I told him I would not, he thought he would make me by causing my mouth to be sore; but he'll be cheated for once."

In December, 1843, Mr. G. was at Warrington. The daughter of his host was laid up with an inflammation in one of her toes, said to be proud flesh. "Ah, my lass," said Mr. G., "if all the proud flesh you have were confined to your great toe, you'll not take much harm."

In 1823—4, the alteration of the chapel, as named by Mr. Gadsby on New Year's Day, was made. During the alteration, the congregation procured the gratuitous use of Cannon-Street Chapel, being then destitute of a minister, which was the oldest Independent chapel in the town, and in which Mr. Warburton gives an account of his happy deliverance, while hearing Mr. Roby. When the chapel was re-opened, Mr. Thomlinson preached in the morning, and Mr. Gadsby in the afternoon. In the morning, nearly £40 were collected. Mr. Gadsby, in the afternoon, took his text, 2 Cor. vi. 13, "Be ye also enlarged." Referring to the morning's collection, Mr.

Gadsby begged of the people to put their hands still more deeply into their pockets; "for," said he, "if you do not raise more this afternoon than was collected in the morning, friend Thomlinson will crow over me; and don't let your old parson's honour sink in that way. Let us try for it, at any rate." The collection exceeded that in the morning by about £2.

Soon after the enlargement of the chapel, Mr. Gadsby became anxious for the establishment of a Sunday school. One was accordingly commenced; the boys being taught in the vestry, and the girls in the back gallery of the chapel, called the "Scholars' Gallery." This was, however, found to be very inconvenient, and a new building was resolved upon. On the other side of the street, at the back of the chapel, a zealous Wesleyan, and a thorough perfectionist in the flesh, was building some cottages, and he proposed to make a room for the school over the whole row. After some consideration, however, the offer was declined; immediately upon which, this advocate for perfection let one of the cottages for a retail beer house, or what is called a "Jerry shop." Ale was not then allowed to be drank on the premises of these places; consequently, up to ten o'clock on the Lord's Day morning, forms were placed outside, and there sat the scum of the neighbourhood, smoking and drinking, and using all kinds of profane language, as the people were assembing in the vestry for the morning prayer meeting. The authorities, we believe, at last put a stop to it. In 1825, the new school was built, as named by Mr. Gadsby on New Year's Day.

About two years afterwards, the idea of commencing a library was suggested. Mr. Gadsby, in announcing this from the pulpit, said, "If any of the friends have any books on their shelves that they can dispense with, and will send in their names to me, my son will call upon them, and thus save them the trouble of continually taking them down to dust them. Any sort of books will do; because those that are not exactly suitable can be sold, and others purchased with the money." The library now contains several hundred volumes, and, for sound divinity, is doubtless the best library in the kingdom. It also contains many valuable works on history, &c. &c.

Soon after the school was built, Mr. G. was invited to visit Brighton; but he declined going, unless the people would allow him to have a collection for the school. They replied that they could not let him have a public collection, as such things were not usual with them; but he might go amongst them privately, and get what he could. He went, and returned with about £60.

In 1826, there was great distress in the manufacturing districts; thousands upon thousands were starving. When in London that year, he gave a short account of the distress from the pulpit in Gower-Street Chapel, adding that if any of the friends had any old cast-off clothes, and would bring them to his friend Poole's, where he was staying, he would endeavour to distribute them in a useful way. The result was, that parcel after parcel came rolling in, till Mr. Poole's house was more like an old clothes shop than a cooper's, which it should have been.

Naming this circumstance, the *Manchester Gazette* of Dec. 9th, 1826, said,

"We understand that the Reverend Mr. Gadsby, who, by his praiseworthy exertions for the poor of this town, in canvassing among his friends in London, obtained 20 cwt. of cast-off clothes, (the carriage and packing of which cost him £18,) still continues to exert himself in acts of benevolence. We learn, from very good authority, that he has purchased and distributed, within the last week, ten pairs of blankets and four or five pieces of flannel; and that some of the members of his congregation have copied their pastor's laudable example. In recording the above, which does so much credit to Mr. Gadsby's feelings, we cannot let pass the opportunity of hinting to other clergymen, and other influential persons, that it is their duty to 'go and do likewise.'"

The week subsequently, Mr. Gadsby wrote the following letter to the editor:

"Sir,—Perceiving in your paper of Saturday, December 9th, a short statement relating to some cast-off clothes, &c., which I was the means of obtaining from my London friends for the poor in this district; and finding it not altogether correct, I think it my duty to state the fact.

"The weight was 29 cwt., including the boxes, &c., in which they were packed; and the packages, carriage, and other expenses connected with them, were £14, not £18.

"To the honour of my friends, and the glory of the Lord, who prompted them so to act, be it known that a great many sent money with the garments, for the purpose of defraying expenses; so that I received, while in London, the sum of £23; and a kind friend has, since my return, sent £5 more; the whole amounting to £28, which I have (after carriage, &c., were paid) disposed of in buying blankets, flannels, &c., and (as you justly observe) have had some additions from part of my friends at home. Now, I feel persuaded that if a committee could be formed in Manchester, appointing any respectable minister or ministers as their representatives to go to London, and preach at different places with which they are connected, giving a real statement of the poor, not only in Manchester, but the whole of the manufacturing districts, that thousands and thousands of articles might be obtained.

"I therefore recommend that some worthy friends to the poor take the matter in hand.

"By inserting the above, you will greatly oblige, yours respectfully,

"December 13th, 1826." WM. GADSBY.

In 1828, there was in Manchester what was called a "Grand Musical Festival," for the benefit of the charities. In the morning, there was to be the Festival in the parish church, called the "Old Church," when *sacred* music was to be performed; and, in the evening, a Grand Fancy-Dress Ball at the Theatre (at which some of the Church clergymen were present in their gowns); *all* the proceeds to be formed into one fund for the charities. Mr. Gadsby preached a sermon against this awful hypocrisy, and subsequently published a tract on the subject. A report was spread about the town that he had declared from the pulpit that the Church and the Theatre had been courting a long time, and that they were to be married during the following week. When the report reached him, he smiled, and said the idea was not a bad one, though he had no recollection of having used the words.

Some years ago, great distress prevailed in Ireland; so great, indeed, that it was justly designated a famine. Vast numbers of the people were compelled to subsist on seaweed, and other unwholesome food. Mr. Gadsby caused it to be advertised that, God willing, he should preach a sermon on starvation and famine in the land of plenty. The chapel was crowded. Mr. Gadsby took for his text, Prov. xi. 26, "He that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him." He showed the awful state in which those men were, who, by unjust and unequal legislation, withheld food from the people, observing that not only would *the people* curse them, but that the curse of God was upon them also. Nearly £40 were collected for the famishing in the sister country.

On Mr. Gadsby's settling at Manchester, he agreed with the people that he should be allowed to go to London for a few weeks once every year. The chapel in which he preached in London was Mr. Franklin's, Redcross-Street.

After Mr. Huntington's death, the committee of management of his chapel, Gray's-Inn-Lane, London, agreed for Mr. Locke to be settled over them; and there were only two or three ministers besides that they would allow to enter the pulpit. Many of the people whose souls had been fed under the ministry of Mr. Huntington, could not hear Mr. Locke to profit; they, therefore, united together, and took a small chapel in Conway-Street, near the West End, London, and opened

it for such supplies as Gadsby, Warburton, Robins, Fowler, &c. We are not acquainted with the cause of Mr. G. supplying there in preference to Redcross-Street. We have reason to know that he highly esteemed Mr. Franklin as a sent servant of God. Though the Huntingtonians were not Baptists, yet Mr. Gadsby never failed to tell them that he was "a Baptist to the backbone, and backbone and all." The place soon became far too small to hold the people; so, in 1820, they built a chapel in Gower-Street, with the understanding that it should be open to an annual visit from Gadsby and Warburton, as long as they were able and willing to supply. Some say that this is expressed in the trust-deed, but we cannot speak to the fact. Mr. Gadsby opened the chapel, and, one year excepted, preached in it every year until 1843. In that year, (1843,) he declined going, on account of the inconsistency of the minister. A copy of a faithful letter which Mr. Gadsby sent to the minister, has been forwarded to us for insertion in this Memoir; but we think it better to omit it, as we are not sure that Mr. G. ever wished it to be made public.

Mr. Gadsby was the means, directly or indirectly, of nearly forty churches being opened in the counties of Lancashire, Yorkshire, Derbyshire, and Cheshire, all, or nearly all of which, as we are informed by Mr. Kershaw, are still carried on.

His first visit to Rochdale was in the month of May, 1807. It was on a Monday, afternoon and evening. There were so many people that he had to preach out of doors after the sermon in the afternoon. Many of the friends crowded round a good old man, who was the oldest Christian man in the neighbourhood, having been bending his steps Zionward more than half a century, to ask him how he liked the sermon. He said, "I never heard a sermon that I liked better. These are the precious truths that I must live and die by;" and, putting his walking-stick under his left arm, he put his hand into his waistcoat pocket, pulled out his purse, and said to the friends that stood by him, "This is one of the Lord's servants; he must not go a warfare at his own charge; a subscription must be made to bear his expenses, and I must give my mite." All the friends were wonderfully pleased, and said they never heard preaching before that they liked so well. Mr. Gadsby continued to come to Rochdale once a month till a church was formed and a chapel built in 1810, and a minister (Mr. Warburton) settled over the people. He was a father to the church at Rochdale to the day of his death. The ministers and churches of Rochdale and Manchester, were

always at peace with each other. When the Rochdale people wanted the Manchester minister, they always had him; and when the Manchester people wanted the Rochdale minister, he always went to serve them. How good and pleasant it is for churches and ministers thus to walk together in unity, and to be always willing and ready to help each other.

Mr. Gadsby's death was very much felt by the Rochdale people. When the minister who was supplying for them on the day after Mr. Gadsby's death announced the sad tidings from the pulpit the whole congregation burst into tears. They immediately resolved to put their pulpit in mourning, and willingly gave consent for their pastor to go the first three Lord's Days after Mr. Gadsby's death, to serve their brethren and sisters at Manchester. This is weeping with them that weep, and mourning with them that mourn. "A friend in need is a friend indeed!" The Lord grant that the churches and the ministers of Jesus may be in peace and love with each other as the churches of Manchester and Rochdale have been.

Mr. Gadsby's first visit to Stockport was one night in 1807. A good woman, still living there, named Hopwood, and who was baptized at Coventry at the same time as Mr. Gadsby, invited him over, and told him he should preach in the cellar in which she lived. He went accordingly; but when he arrived, a person named Marsh said he should preach in his house, and not in Mrs. Hopwood's cellar. He did so, there being between twenty and thirty persons present. When service was over, the people all went away, except a Mr. Hall, a tailor, who said to himself, "Will nobody invite this man to their house? I will, however." So he went up to him, and said, "Has nobody offered you a bed?" "No," replied Mr. Gadsby; "I must walk home to Manchester." "You never shall," said Mr. Hall; "if you will accept of my homely fare, you shall go with me." Mr. Gadsby thanked him, and went with him. For supper he would have nothing but oatmeal gruel and salt, without either bread or butter. A number of people went afterwards to Mr. Hall, and told him if he harboured such a man as that, he would lose all his trade. He replied, he should do as he pleased, without consulting them. His widow, who is still living, states that the very reverse was the fact, for they had more trade than ever. Mr. Hall's was his Stockport house ever afterwards.

A gang of persons once united together to frighten the congregation. Some commenced rubbing outside the chapel walls with bricks, while others inside raised a cry that the

roof was falling. The rush was very great, but we believe no serious injury occurred.

As a striking instance of Mr. Gadsby's humanity, it may be here named that, during one visit to Stockport, he heard of a poor soldier who had been condemned to a severe flogging for writing a petition on behalf of himself and comrades, respecting the tyrannical conduct of the colonel. Mr. Gadsby preached a sermon on the subject, had a collection, and bought the man off. The colonel was subsequently disgraced.

The last time Mr. Gadsby went to Stockport was Nov. 1st, 1843, when, to his great grief, he found that his old friend Hall was lying dead in his house. "Ah!" he said, "I shall not be long after him."

During Mr. Gadsby's visit to Manchester, in 1803, he went over to Liverpool, and preached in Mr. L—'s chapel, Lime-street. A good man, who had been to Liverpool for the benefit of sea-bathing, had heard Mr. L— preach. The sermon was much blessed to his soul. The year following he went again, when he found that Mr. L— had been very unwell, and that one of the deacons had been occasionally obliged to give out the hymns, &c., for him. He went into the chapel, rejoicing at the prospect of again hearing Mr. L—, when a stranger entered the pulpit, whom he concluded to be the deacon just alluded to. He gave out the hymns in so drawling a way, and his appearance and manner were so strange, that the man was much dissatisfied with him. He said, "Surely they might have found some one that could have read and prayed better than this man." He longed for him to finish, that he might leave the pulpit and make room for Mr. L—, when, to his great mortification, while they were singing the second time, the stranger in the pulpit took the Bible, and began to look for his text. The man felt ready to walk out of the chapel. The stranger took his text, Col. i. 19, "For it hath pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell." "He opened his text in such a manner," says the man, "as I hope never to forget. Before he had spoken ten minutes, I saw more beauty and glory in Christ than I ever had seen before. My cup of joy overflowed. I saw that this glorious Christ and his finished salvation were mine, and that I was his; and this was all my soul's desire. After service, I eagerly inquired who he was, and from whence he came, when I was told his name was Gadsby, and that he came from Hinckley. I heard him again in the evening, from Isa. xlii. 16, 'I will bring the blind by a way they knew not,' &c. He spoke of the various

paths into which the Lord leads his people, and amongst the rest were the ordinances of baptism and the Lord's supper. Up to that time, I had been a member of an Independent church, and an advocate for infant sprinkling; but he so clearly showed from the Scriptures that believers were the only proper characters to be baptized, and that baptism was only rightly administered by immersion, that he upset all my Pædobaptist principles, and I never rested until I had been baptized."

After Mr. Gadsby's settlement at Manchester, he visited Liverpool more frequently.

On one occasion, an Independent Minister in Manchester, a Mr. B—, hearing that Mr. Gadsby was gone to Liverpool, posted off after him, and began to preach, "Down with Antinomianism!" So great was his zeal, that he preached two sermons on the Lord's Day afternoon, first at Bethesda Chapel, and then at Mr. Medley's old chapel, Byrom-street. This caused many persons to inquire what it all meant; and they went in crowds to Lime-street, to hear the "Antinomian." Some friends who have forwarded this information were amongst the number, and are still living. His text was Eph. ii. 19—22. The word was blessed to many, particularly to a Mr. Fleming, a chair maker, who is now living at Ambleside. He had been labouring and toiling under a law-work for three years, when, under that sermon, God the Spirit was pleased to set his soul at happy liberty.

On another occasion, Mr. B— sent a friend of his to Liverpool, to do all he could to close the chapel doors against Mr. G. The man, however, did not succeed in his mission, and so thought he would hear this strange preacher. He did so, and after service he presented Mr. Gadsby with a guinea.

For some time after Mr. Gadsby's settlement at Manchester, Mr. B— was continually preaching against him; and one afternoon he went to St. George's-Road to hear Mr. Gadsby. Seeing him there, Mr. Gadsby took the opportunity of giving a brief description of some who were calling him an Antinomian. He said, "There is a certain minister, not far from —— Street, who appears to spare neither trouble nor expense in crying down what he calls Antinomianism. This minister has been recently married. He had a deacon (or a member) who was anxious to be introduced to a lady, who also was a member; and he accordingly waited upon the minister to speak a good word for him. And what do you think this pious minister did? Why, instead of speaking one good word for his member, he spoke two for himself, married the lady, and so betrayed the confidence of his friend."

That passage, "When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him," was strikingly exemplified in the case of Mr. B—. About the year —— he was left to backslide, (for Mr. Gadsby believed him to be a good man,) and, through the treachery of one of his deacons, was dismissed from his office as pastor. While labouring under this disgrace, without a friend to take him by the hand, Mr. Gadsby went to see him, and was so well satisfied with his statement respecting the dealings of God with his soul, that he invited him to preach for him at St. George's-Road, which he did from Job. xxxiv. 22. They remained in perfect friendship up to the time of Mr. Gadsby's death.

In 1807 or 1808, a Mr. Webster, who was then minister at a small chapel in Matthew-street, Liverpool, went to settle in another town, when the church wished Mr. Gadsby to recommend them supplies, and to visit them himself as often as he could. During the time Mr. G. visited Matthew-street, he also occasionally preached at Lime-street. Mr. Gadsby baptized several in Matthew-street Chapel.

Some time afterwards, the church at Matthew-street chose Mr. Paice as their pastor. Mr. Gadsby continued to go occasionally until the chapel was required to be constructed into shops. With the assistance and advice of Mr. Gadsby, the church begged a little money, and bought land for a chapel in Great Crosshall-Street. They built a large vestry upon the land, which Mr. Gadsby opened, or at least re-opened, after it had been enlarged. Speaking of the everlasting love of God, he said when a poor condemned sinner was enabled to rest upon it, it was "an easier chair than ever Fleming made in his life."

Mr. Gadsby also preached at several other places in Liverpool, Lime-Street Chapel being then shut against him. He once preached in the Caxton Printing Office, and once in All Saints Church, which is a rare circumstance for a Dissenter.

The following account of one of Mr. Gadsby's earlier visits to Liverpool is from his own lips:

"My wife, being out of health, was recommended by the doctors to try the sea air; consequently, she went to Liverpool; and, in order to make the time as agreeable as possible, I went to her on the Monday, to spend the week with her, expecting to return to Manchester on the Saturday following. Mr. L— had not been at that time long in Liverpool, and his congregation was very small. He was remarkably kind, and professed great friendship. On the Friday, he expressed a wish that I should stop in Liverpool and preach for him on

the Lord's Day, and he would go to Manchester to supply my place, that I should not have to leave Mrs. Gadsby; which was mutually agreed to. Tidings being spread that I was to preach the Lord's Day following at Mr. L—'s chapel, it reached the ears of one of the Fullerite Baptist preachers in that town, who made it his business to go round all the Saturday to warn his congregation against hearing the Antinomian at Mr. L—'s chapel; in consequence of which, numbers were informed who otherwise would have been ignorant of it, and their curiosity aroused them to come and hear me. In the morning, my congregation was small; in the afternoon, much larger; and, in the evening, it was full to overflowing; whilst the man who had made it his principal business to warn his congregation against me, had little more than the bare walls to preach to. Not content, the preacher went round again on the Monday morning, to reprove them for going to hear such an Antinomian, wondering how they could do so; for even the book, said he, Mr. G. had lately published was a sufficient warning against them going to hear him. This was 'The Gospel the Believer's Rule of Conduct.' The consequence was, they longed to see this book, and I had numbers of applications for it. They ordered from twenty to thirty copies of it. The preacher continued to rave against the Antinomians, which caused his people to leave his chapel; consequently, he was obliged to leave the town. From that time, Mr. L—'s congregation began to increase.

"It so happened, in course of time, that I was preaching in the west of England one week night. After preaching, two men came and invited me to go for a night to a place about seven miles distant from where I then was. I told them if they would fetch me, and bring me back the night following, I would endeavour to serve them, as every other night was engaged; which was agreed to. They then began to converse about a place. One said to the other, 'Do you think Mr. — will grant his pulpit?' I started at hearing the name, and immediately inquired if he came from Liverpool. 'Yes,' said they. Then I told them they might save themselves the trouble, as I could answer them he would not; for it was the very man who had banished himself from Liverpool through raving against those he was pleased to call Antinomians. Well, I went; and it proved to be Trowbridge. I preached; and that night was the beginning of the interest there over which John Warburton is now placed. The preacher before-named began his usual course of railing, until he was obliged to leave Trowbridge; and where he went to, I knew not.

"One evening, after preaching at Manchester, two men came and asked me to go and preach for them, as they were in trouble, and had great need of my services. I inquired where the place was. They told me; and I felt surprised, it was so great a distance; but I agreed to go. When I arrived, to my astonishment, the very man who was obliged to flee from Liverpool and Trowbridge was in the same town. However, I preached; and I believe the Lord was in it, for it made no small stir amongst them. But this preacher thought it wise to say nothing more about Antinomians, having before experienced the consequences."

About the year 1820, a few persons who had recently been brought to see and feel the errors of Fullerism (for they had attended a Baptist Chapel where those errors were propagated) invited Mr. G. to come and preach a sermon for them at Hollinwood, near Oldham. Mr. Gadsby complied with their request, and preached in a barn, from Isa. xliii. 23, to a crowded audience. He observed that a report had been circulated, that he had asserted there were children in hell not a span long. He said he had no idea of any difference in the dimensions or magnitude of an infant soul and that of an adult, but believed that a divine change must be effected in both, by God the Holy Ghost, ere they were meet for glory; proving by God's word that this may be prior to natural birth, as in the case of John, (Luke i. 44,) and of Jeremiah, who was sanctified from the womb; and he stated that he believed that all who died in their infancy had this change wrought in their souls, and proved that the Arminian doctrine of repentance, &c., would send all unconscious children to hell. His discourse was an able defence of the glorious truths of the gospel, together with sweet and blessed experimental truth. It gave great offence to the Arminian part of the congregation, who wondered that such a monster (for so they termed him) should be brought there to preach. Mr. Gadsby was truly in the spirit. He said to his friends, "If you had something to do before, you'll have more now," seeing that his preaching had stirred up their ire; and so it turned out, for they spared no pains in endeavouring to vilify him; but all their efforts fell to the ground. A number of the people afterwards joined Mr. G.'s church at Manchester.

When Mr. G. first went to preach at Accrington, he met with great opposition from the various professors. They stated that he was a man that believed neither law nor gospel. His

friends could not procure for him either chapel or school-room, but had to hire a large room in a public-house. One person had a very rough colt, that broke through all the fences, and was otherwise unruly: "Call it Gadsby," said the wife, "for he neither believes law nor gospel," and ever afterwards the horse was called by that name.

Two ladies at Accrington went to hear out of curiosity, but were determined not to be contaminated with any of his doctrines, nor captivated by his manner, and therefore kept their eyes fixed on the ceiling; but the word was blessed to their souls, and they were so ashamed that they dared not open the matter to each other, till at length one of them said, "He's not so bad as has been represented." "No," said the other; and they then went on to tell each other what the Lord had done for their souls under the sermon.

Mr. Gadsby opened the new chapel at Bury, Lancashire, on Lord's Day the 9th, and Monday night the 10th of October, 1836. One of the friends had often been very much persecuted by his wife on account of his religion. So great was her hatred against the truth that, on one occasion, when her husband was going to a friend's with a copy of the *Gospel Standard*, she struck him a violent blow on one side of his face, and said he should not go. Instead of expressing himself angrily, "Here," he said, "you had better give me one on the other side, to make it equal." This made her somewhat ashamed. When he got home on the Lord's Day night above-named, he met with very bad treatment from her. She used the most unbecoming language, and vowed that if he went again on the Monday, she would follow him, and blow the place up; and, as she knew that there was to be a collection on the Monday, she got up early in the morning, and took all the money out of his pockets, with the exception of eighteenpence; but he, expecting this, had taken care to conceal as much as he intended to give. When the time came, she told her husband, before he set out, that she would go too; and if he attempted to speak to any one after service, she would set the place in an uproar. Away she went, a distance of three miles, according to her own account afterwards, as full of wrath as the devil could make her; and, as there was to be a collection, she put a sixpence into her pocket, as she could not for shame but put something into the box. She also took half-a-sovereign for her own use. The friend says, "I think it was one of the most solemn sermons that I ever heard Mr. Gadsby preach. I do not now recollect his text, but

he spoke of the rebellion of the human heart, and the plans that men took to oppose the work of God, which plans God would bring to nought. The remarks were carried home to my wife's conscience, so that, to use her own expression, she was quite thrown into confusion. The sermon being over, the friends went round with their boxes, (as is the custom in the north,) and she began to feel for her sixpence, but could not find it; so that, at last, she was obliged to put the half-sovereign into the box. The service being over, she went away without disturbing any one, but with the wrath of God in a broken law raging in her conscience. She kept this concealed from me for about a fortnight, but was in a most dreadful state of distress. At last she began to tell me the state of mind that she was in, and that she was sure she must be damned for her ungodly conduct, and that God would be quite just if he sent her to hell. She continued in this state for about a month, sometimes bemoaning her sad state almost the whole night, when the Lord was graciously pleased to break into her soul with the passage of scripture, Mark xvi. 7, 'But go your way, tell his disciples *and Peter* that he goeth before you into Galilee.' Christ was manifested to her soul as her salvation; joy and gladness flowed into her heart, instead of horror and despair; all her bondage fled away, and the glory of God's rich grace for a time filled her soul. She was baptized, and became a member of the church, on the first Lord's Day in December the same year."

In the town of Bury, there was an old father in Israel named Richard Lord, whom the Lord called by his grace in the days of his youth. He was in a state of sad bondage for two or three years. Being, on one occasion, in Liverpool, a friend who was with him took him to Byrom-Street Chapel, to hear that dear man of God, old Medley. The Lord blessed the word to his soul. He was brought out of soul-bondage into the liberty of the gospel. Heaven and pardon were sealed in his soul by the blessed Spirit. He went down to Liverpool in guilt and condemnation, but returned home in the enjoyment of the precious liberty of the everlasting gospel.

After this, there were very few preachers that he could hear; so that he was called a bigot and a critic. Nothing but a free-grace salvation would suit Richard Lord. Liverpool was too far for him to go to, it being from thirty to forty miles from where he lived. The venerable John Hurst, of Bacup, was the best and soundest minister of the gospel that he could hear for thirty or forty years; and Richard lived ten miles from

Bacup, the road to which was very bad in the winter season. He went as often as he could to Bacup to hear Mr. Hurst, for they were of one heart and soul in the things of God. But old age and infirmities coming on, he could not go so often.

About this time, the Lord sent Mr. Gadsby to Manchester. Richard was informed that a good sent-servant of God was come to Manchester. He went to hear him; and the word was greatly blessed to his soul. It not being so far to Manchester as to Bacup, and the road being good, he went again and again to Manchester, and returned home greatly comforted and edified. The days becoming a little longer, and the weather warmer, he said within himself, "I will go to Bacup and hear my old friend Hurst, and tell him what a blessed man of God the Lord has sent to Manchester." Accordingly, he went to Bacup, heard his old friend in the morning, and, in the interim between the morning and afternoon services, he was in a large room where there were twenty or thirty of the people. As reports were spreading far and wide respecting Mr. Gadsby and his ministry,—some saying of him as they did of his Master, "He is a good man;" others saying, "Nay, he is a deceiver of the people,"—the conversation of the people at Bacup turned upon him. Some said that he was a bad man, and some one thing, and some another; but all appeared to agree that he was sent by the devil. Old Mr. Hurst sat smoking his pipe, listening to the conversation; and seeing his old friend Richard Lord amongst them, he said, "Richard, have you ever heard this Gadsby?" Richard said, "Yes, I have, many times." Mr. Hurst said, "You hear what these friends are saying; what do *you* think of him?" Richard said, "I'll tell you what I have been thinking while these folks have been talking." Mr. Hurst said, "What?" "It is now nearly forty years," replied Richard, "since the devil and I were friends, and during that time we have had many a conflict; but if the devil has begun to send such men as Mr. Gadsby to preach the gospel as he does, laying the sinner in the dust, and exalting the dear Redeemer," clapping his hands together, and lifting up his voice, "then the devil and I will be friends for ever; no more conflicts between the devil and me; the warfare is over." The persons who had been speaking against Mr. Gadsby were ashamed when they heard the venerable old man speak so decidedly in his favour. Dear old Mr. Hurst said, "Ah! Richard, is that the case?" He said, "It is; and I can assure you I have never heard any man so fully and freely and so blessedly adapted to meet the experience of a poor sinner, as Mr. Gadsby."

Speaking of this same Richard Lord, Mr. Gadsby once said, "I have often thought of the saying of an old countryman now dead, a simple-hearted man of God, and which is now brought fresh to my mind. About thirty years ago, I had been baptizing near what is called Burybridge, in Bury, Lancashire; and it made no little bustle in the neighbourhood to see what they called 'dipping.' An old friend, who was known in that place by the name of 'Richard,' but who was generally called 'Dickey,' was asked by a person, 'Who are these dippers? Do you know anything about them? What are they?' 'O,' replied he, 'the Head of them was the finest man that ever lived! He healed the sick, clothed the naked, opened the eyes of the blind, and caused the dumb to speak; he fed the poor, and the people flocked to him from every quarter, yet he never turned one away that came to him in the time of need, and all without charging one farthing for it! And, what do you think? they nailed him at last to a piece of wood!' The person said, 'Why, what wicked folks they must have been!' And just so are we: we should have committed the same sin, if left to ourselves, and brought into the same circumstances and condition. But our spiritual Naphtali struggled under, overcame, and rose triumphantly the mighty Hero over all!"*

The first time that Richard Lord heard Mr. G., his text was Rev. vi. 17, "For the great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?" Mr. G. first laid on one side those who would not be able to stand,—the openly profane, the moralist, the self-righteous pharisee, the nominal professor, with the doctrines of grace in his head, but not the grace of God in his heart. He showed the lengths to which unregenerated men might go, in a knowledge of God's truth in the letter, as Balaam, &c., and yet not be able to stand; and he then showed who *would be* able to stand, the quickened soul, convinced of his sins and sinfulness by the teaching of the Holy Ghost, with all hope of saving and helping himself cut off by the circumcising knife of God's law, the sighing, groaning, moaning soul because of sin, the hungering and thirsting soul after Christ, whose hope and only hope of salvation and justification before God was in the glorious person and finished salvation of the Lord Jesus Christ, &c. After the sermon, Richard pressed through the crowd, and went into the vestry to shake hands with the parson. Old Richard said, "*I* shall be able to stand." "Yes," said Mr. Gadsby, "and I believe I shall too."

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* From the "Penny Pulpit."

There were two gracious persons lived in the forest of Rosendale, Henry Hoyle and Betty his wife. Like the Shulamite, they had a chamber, a bed, a table, a stool, and a candlestick for the Lord's prophets for fifty years. After Mr. Gadsby came to Manchester his book upon the law, against Mr. Fuller, began to be circulated through the country. These people got it, and as Mrs. Hoyle had been very tightly handled by Moses and his law, and had been delivered from it by an application of the blood of Christ to her soul, she proved that she was not under the law but under grace, so that Mr. Gadsby's book met her feelings and views. Some time after this, a meeting of a Baptist Association was held at Accrington, during Whit-week, and as some of the ministers returned, they called at Mrs. Hoyle's for tea, and a few of them stayed all night. Mrs. Hoyle was, like Martha, concerned to make them comfortable, because she loved them for their work's sake, believing them to be the servants of Jesus Christ. As she was providing for them what was needful for the body, they began to talk about Mr. Gadsby's views upon the law. Some of them said that he was an Antinomian; and one of the aged ministers was requested to write against him and his book upon the law. Mrs. Hoyle said, "You are talking about Mr. Gadsby, and his book upon the law." The ministers said, "We are." She said, "I have never heard him nor seen him, but I have read his book, and it contains my whole heart and soul. If Mr. Gadsby is an Antinomian, I am one too, and you may begin to write against him when you please, but he is so fenced in by the word of God that not all of you put together can get at him." Here the conversation ended, and they took her advice, for none of them took up their pen to write.

Some time after this Mr. G. preached for them. There were so many people that the barn would not hold them, so he preached in the farm yard, and God blessed the word to the souls of many. As long as these people lived he preached at their house four times a year. They were possessed of considerable property, and lived on their own estate, but they were not for hoarding up the riches of this world; they used what was needful for the body, and the residue they gave to the cause of God and to the poor. Their maxim was, "We will not touch the principal but we will consume the shavings." They had no children, but many nephews, and some of them they knew were longing for them to be gone, that they might get what they possessed. They entered into their rest long before Mr. Gadsby.

As has been already stated, Mr. Gadsby preached his first sermon on Whit Sunday, 1798. From that time up to November, 1829, through the mercy of the Lord, he was enabled to speak once, twice, or thrice on every Lord's Day. At that time, however, he was confined to his bed. In a letter to a friend, he names the circumstance:

"I must now inform my friends that, through the dispensations of my God, I was last Lord's Day confined to my room by reason of affliction, which is the first Lord's Day that I have been wholly confined since I came to Manchester. I was rather fearful of a high fever and inflammation of the chest, but through the good hand of God upon me, I am wonderfully restored, and hope to be able to speak a little to-morrow in the dear name of my Lord. I have been much supported in my affliction, and have had some sweet views of God's glory in Christ, and of my own interest in all new covenant blessings. The third and fourth chapters of Exodus, and part of the sixth, have been sweet indeed to my soul. O how blessed it is to have the glorious promises of a covenant God sealed upon our hearts! for though at times, like Moses, we may raise our unbelieving fears and objections, God's promise is for ever sure, and in the end shall completely upset all the power of unbelief. These precious promises, with their connections, have been much blessed to my soul: 'Certainly I will be with thee;' (Exod. iii. 12;) 'Now therefore go, and I will be thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say.' (Exod. iv. 12.) What blessing is there that we have not in Christ? Verily, none; for 'all things are ours, for we are Christ's, and Christ is God's.'"

On the 2nd of January, 1836, the Lord again laid upon him his afflicting hand, so that he was unable to preach on the following Lord's Day, January 3rd. On the 10th, though evidently labouring under severe pain, he went as usual to preach; and the writer of this never can forget the power with which Mr. Gadsby's sermon that morning entered into his soul. In the *Gospel Standard* for February, 1836, the following quotation from the sermon appears:

"Perhaps, brethren, some of you may be anxious to know what have been the feelings of my mind during these few days that I have been afflicted. I have proved, to a degree I never experienced before, the power and truth of three things that I am continually declaring from this pulpit. The one is, the loathsomeness and abominable filthiness of a damnable nature. Even while in excruciating pains, in my loins, my bowels, and my head, I have felt such dreadful oozings out, and awful boilings up, of pride, lust, and every abomination that would make an infidel blush, that I wondered God could let such a filthy wretch live upon the earth; and do all I could, I could not for one moment suppress it. Well, by and by, the Lord led me to prove another point, viz., the infinity of God—his solemn power and sovereignty over every crea-

ture and event, over devils, men, and sin; and though I was not at the time in the ecstacy of joy, yet I felt a solemn crumbling to the ground, under a sense of the awful disparity there is between fallen man and his Maker; and I solemnly declare, the doctrine of those who deny one part of God's decree never appeared to me more odious than at this time, nor those who maintain that denial in so awful a light. Having led me to see this solemn truth, and made me humble in the dust under it, it pleased the Lord to break into my soul with inexpressible joy, and the passage he made use of was that which I am about to read as a text: 'Happy art thou, O Israel! who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord?' (Deut. xxxiii. 29.)"

In September, 1837, he had another attack of inflammation, which prevented his preaching. But his own words, as given in the *Gospel Standard* for November, 1837, will best describe the matter:

"To the dear children of God residing in London and its vicinity, and in the various counties and places where I had appointed to preach God's blessed truth in the last week in September and the first week in October, 1837.

"Dear Brethren in the bowels of our ever to be adored, once agonizing, broken-hearted, slaughtered, but now gloriously exalted Lord Jesus Christ,—I take this opportunity of addressing you, through the medium of the *Gospel Standard*. I can assure you, brethren, that it was with very great reluctance that I was obliged to submit to the dispensation of the Lord, in not being able to fulfil my engagements with you, to speak, as the Lord should enable me, the glorious gospel of the blessed God; but it was of the Lord, and when he says Nay, and proves by his afflicting dispensations that his Nay shall stand, who is he, and where is he, that can say Yea, and put his Yea into execution? We may fret, kick, repine, murmur, and rebel, and strive with all the fleshly and legal workings we are capable of exerting, to make our Yea stand in opposition to God's Nay; but when we have worked ourselves almost to distraction, and are brought to our wits' end, ready to say with Jeremiah, 'O Lord, thou hast deceived me, and I was deceived; thou art stronger than I, and hast prevailed,' (Jer. xx. 7,) all our devices must give place to God's counsel, for 'his counsel shall stand, and he will do all his pleasure.' And indeed it is right it should be so.

"On Lord's Day evening, September 24th, when, according to appointment, I should have been preaching God's gospel at Gower-street Chapel, London, I was confined to my bed with excruciating pain of body; and though a messenger came to inform me that a very crowded congregation was waiting to hear what such a poor worm had to say in the name of the Lord, my affliction was too severe to allow me to be moved. The kindness of the friends at whose house I was, and others who called to see me, I cannot soon forget, and I hope the dear Lord will reward them. That being the last time I expected to preach in London this year, together with the

engagements I had made for preaching no less than ten times in five different counties on my way home, all lay with great weight upon my mind. I felt a little of the disappointment that many of you, both in London and the country, would meet with, and my own disappointment too in not being able to meet with you, and being the means, in the hands of my dear Lord, of imparting some spiritual good unto you. These things, with a whole crowd of hows, and whys, and wherefores, the distance I was from my family, and the difficulties that appeared in the way of getting to them, connected with pain of body and darkness of soul, made me for a time truly wretched, though I kept most of it to myself. Indeed, brethren, it is hard work to labour under pain of body, darkness of soul, and perplexing disappointments, feeling no power to cast our cares upon the Lord, nor experiencing that underneath are the everlasting arms. In my judgment, from the Lord's past kindnesses with and towards me, and from the immutable nature of his love and promises, I could not help believing that all would be well in the end; yet in my feelings, I was very dark and gloomy; and whatever the high towering professor of religion may say, I know that nothing but the feeling enjoyment of the things of God, under the sweet unction of God the Holy Ghost, can give solemn and solid consolation, either in affliction or health, prosperity or adversity; and this will support the soul even with the prospect of death and eternity in view.

"After a deal of dark and gloomy pro and con about hows, and whys, and wherefores, the Lord was pleased, with some sweet power, to bring to my soul that blessed portion of the word of his grace, 'God is a refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.' (Ps. xlvi. 1.) I then both saw and felt that all was right, and that underneath were everlasting arms, and that no disappointment, trouble, or distress, of what kind soever it might be, could plunge the dear child of God beneath those everlasting arms. This blessed, very present help in trouble was a solid prop to my soul, and I firmly believed that the Lord would take me safe home to my family and friends in Manchester; and so he did, and in a way much to my astonishment too, as it respects the strength of my body; but there is nothing too hard for the Lord; and though I was not able to preach on the following Lord's Day, (Oct. 1,) the Lord, in his kindness, gave me strength to administer the ordinance of the Lord's supper to the church of God over which the Holy Ghost has made me overseer, and I believe the Lord was with us."

On the morning of the 14th September, 1840, while walking in his garden, his foot slipped, and he fell; and by the fall, his right leg was broken, just at the ancle. He had travelled thousands and thousands of miles, in or on all sorts of conveyances, and had invariably been mercifully preserved from any serious injury; and yet, while walking in his own garden, the dear Lord suffered that to befal him which con-

fined him to his bed for six Lord's Days. Speaking of this circumstance, the *Manchester Times* of Sep. 26, 1840, says,

"Accident to the Rev. W. Gadsby.—We regret to state that last week, while Mr. Gadsby was walking in his garden, he fell and broke the larger bone of his right leg, just over the ancle. Any cessation of the activity of such a man is a public calamity. His preaching, although marked by some eccentricities, is of a high order, combining all the fervour of a deep devotion with the exercise of vigorous, acute, and original intellect; and his active practical benevolence, manifesting itself not only by the relief of the distressed around him, but by his ardent desire to promote good legislation, and thus to advance the happiness of the whole human family, have endeared him alike to the sincere Christian, the philanthropist, and the reformer of political abuses. A memoir of such a man would be highly interesting to the student of mental philosophy. It would afford a striking contradiction to the doctrine of the Owenites, that man is 'a creature of circumstances;' for he rose by the strength of natural genius, directed by right religious principle, triumphant from circumstances which *might* have influenced the life and conduct of one of inferior intellect, but which he brushed aside as the elephant displaces the canes in a jungle. In any station he would have been a remarkable man, just as Burns would have been remarkable had he never written a line of poetry."

In the *Gospel Standard* for December, 1840, Mr. Gadsby wrote,

"I had for some time fixed that I would spend a few days at Buxton, having before proved that the waters and air of that place had done my poor body much good. I had fixed to go on Monday, September the 14th, and to return on Saturday the 19th; and so determined was I to go, that I had made up my mind, let me have invitations from wherever I might to go to preach that week, after Lord's Day, I would reject them all; for I was fully bent on having a few days' holidays, as we usually call them. The issue has proved that the Lord and I were both in a mind, as regards my having a holiday; but we had not agreed upon the place where, and the manner how. I had fixed upon the water and fresh air of Buxton, but the Lord had fixed upon my being confined, with a broken leg, to my bed at home; and such has been the kind dealings of the Lord with me, that though my affliction has been trying to flesh and blood, I have at times been enabled to bless and praise the dear Lord for his choice. A friend and I had agreed to go to Buxton together; and, having to fulfil an engagement on the Lord's Day (Sept. 13th) at Oldham, a town about seven miles from Manchester, I left it to my friend to take our places in a coach which was to leave Manchester for Buxton at two o'clock on Monday. I arrived from Oldham about eleven o'clock on Monday morning, and was told that my friend had sent to say that there was no room in the coach. I instantly sent the servant to inform him that there was another coach, which left a little later from a different office, and wished him to take our places in it, if he could. When the servant had gone, I thought that if the places in this coach were all taken

up, I should consider that the Lord did not mean me to go. But, to make the matter as short as I can, I went into the garden, when my right foot slipped, and stopping against an edging stone, I fell with the whole weight of my body upon my leg, and I heard the bone crack, like the breaking of a stick. I was carried into the house, and when the servant came back, she told me that my friend had taken our places by the coach which was to leave at half-past two o'clock; but there was I upon the sofa with a broken leg. I sent her back immediately to give my friend the painful information, which, of course, much surprised him. When the bone was set, and I was laid upon my bed, the dear Lord was graciously pleased to break into my mind with a sweet and solemn manifestation of his love, and that blessed portion of God's word, 'But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting,' (Ps. ciii. 17,) came to my soul with such glorious power that it almost broke my heart. I felt ashamed and abashed at my negligence and vileness, and was overcome with the matchless mercy of a Three-One God. Such love and such mercy shown to so vile a wretch made me feelingly say, 'Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life,' and my very soul magnified a covenant God for the riches of his grace. At length I began to reflect thus; there are many poor creatures with broken limbs, without home, without friends, and, worst of all, without a covenant God; while I, a poor, vile, filthy, forgetful, ungrateful wretch, quite unworthy of any favour, have a comfortable home, with many of my family and friends around me, sympathising with me, and, best of all, a glorious and covenant God revealing his love to my poor soul, and enabling me to rejoice in him as my glorious All and in All; and so gracious did the Lord appear to me, pouring into my soul such a sweet and glorious measure of his precious love, through the rich atonement of Christ, that I really felt my soul bathing in everlasting love and sin-atoning blood; and the solemn and heavenly breezes of the Holy Ghost did so blessedly revive, cheer, and strengthen me, and waft me up into the blessed enjoyment of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, as one blessed covenant Jehovah, that I felt my soul wrapped up in wonder, love, and praise. Here I found heavenly breezes and bathing infinitely excelling all that could be in the air and waters of Buxton; nor could I, for some time, trace a single cross or trial that I had to endure. In very deed I could feelingly say, 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted.' (Ps. cxix. 71.) These, my dear brethren, were sweet and solemn moments; and to enjoy such indescribable blessings bestowed on so vile a reptile, in glorious harmony with all the perfections of the Triune Jehovah, fully demonstrates that salvation, in all its bearings, is of God's rich, free, sovereign grace; and in my very soul I could give God all the glory. But this blessed season was not of long duration; for by and by the Lord, in great measure, began to withdraw his lovely presence; my sweet feelings began to decline, and I tremblingly wondered where this change in the frame of my mind would end, for some sad degree of peevishness and discontent of soul began to work. At length my attention was wonderfully arrested with Heb. xii. 11; 'Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby.' This passage of God's word quite staggered me. I thought, there are tens of thousands who are afflicted in a variety of ways, and yet no peaceable fruit of righteousness is

yielded. But then, said I, this is spoken of the children of God only; yet still I could not get into the text, and if it had got into me, it only appeared to be rooting up my foolishness and exposing my ignorance. I really felt quite fast with the text; for I well recollected that I had been afflicted myself in a variety of ways, and had known others of God's people who had been severely afflicted, and yet at times I had felt no proof in myself, nor seen it in others, that the peaceable fruit of righteousness had been yielded; yet the text speaks positively; 'Nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth.' I was therefore led to cry to the Lord that his gracious Majesty would condescend to lead me into the true meaning of the text, and I searched other parts of God's word to see if I could find a key to this; but instead of finding a key, one in Job v. 17, staggered me almost as much as the other; 'Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth.' So that I was still fast. Thought I, if all are to be cut off from having any proof of being real Christians who are not happy in being in affliction, and do not yield the peaceable fruit of righteousness in or after the chastisement, what a solemn sweep this will make. At length I believe the dear Lord led me to see that a great deal of the marrow of the text lay in the last two words, *exercised thereby*. If we are not properly and truly *exercised* by chastisements, there is no peaceable fruit of righteousness yielded, and there is no real and true exercise if the Lord himself is not the exerciser. So that when he is graciously pleased to exercise by corrections, chastisements, and afflictions of various kinds, there will in the end be the peaceable fruit of righteousness yielded. Thus I was led to see that the Lord must be the Divine exerciser, the great commander in chief; yea, that his gracious Majesty must condescend to come down to the capacity of a drilling-sergeant, and drill and exercise his people by chastisement, or they will remain unfruitful. A man may put on or have put upon him the dress and armour of a soldier, and wear them for a while, but if he has never been drilled, never been exercised, when he takes off his garments, he is just what he was before. So a child of God may have a variety of afflictions laid upon him, but if the Lord the Spirit does not drill or exercise him thereby, they will leave him where they found him, or more dead, dark, and barren; and if anything is yielded, it is awful rebellion against the dispensations of God; and in his feelings he will be ready to say with Job, 'O that I might have my request, and that God would grant me the thing that I long for; even that it would please God to destroy me; that he would let loose his hand, and cut me off.' (Job vi. 8, 9.) And though, when the Lord is truly exercising us, pride, unbelief, and carnal reason, with all the powers of corrupt nature, will at times rise up in rebellion, and lustily roar against the Lord's proceedings, still the Lord goes on with his work, nor does he spare for our crying. (Prov. xix. 18.)

"Now, my dear friends, through the unparalleled grace of God, I have been, in some measure, enabled to walk a little in the above path, in its various bearings, in this affliction; for, after I had been blessed with some solemn peace and joy, as above stated, and had, as I thought, got in at the right end of Heb. xii. 11, and had felt a measure of what appeared to be couched in it, I began to have some dreadful workings in my mind; and, though I trembled at what I felt, I could not subdue it. On one occasion, this text came very powerfully to my mind; 'It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks.' It came with such power that I was instantly brought down, and replied, 'Aye, Lord, it is; and especially

with a broken leg.' Then, for a while, I had some sweet calm and peace of conscience, and felt that I could recline on the bosom of Jesus, and hold sweet converse with him. But, in a short time, I got into such a dark, cold, deadly frame of mind that I almost dreaded any friend calling upon me, lest they should want me to say something about the things of God.

"I can reckon up that since I have been in Manchester (which is more than thirty-six years) I have travelled, one way or other, more than sixty thousand miles, and, though I have had many narrow escapes, I never had any serious accident, as we call them, before. And for this to take place in my own garden, and under the circumstances that it did, has often staggered my reason. But, when the dear Lord has favoured me with his sweet presence and love, I have been enabled to see that it is all right and all in mercy; for, had I been a great distance from home, what a trouble and burden I must have been both to myself and to others; therefore the Lord has wisely ordered it; and, at times, I can say that he has done all things well."

Mr. Gadsby had, at sundry times in the course of his ministry, painful truth of the proof of St. Paul's prophecy, Acts xx. 30, "Also of your own selves shall men arise, speaking perverse things, to draw away disciples after them." On these occasions, he was always upon his watch-tower, following the apostle's example. When error appeared, by whomsoever it was broached, or under whatsoever colours it showed its head, he gave it no place, but instantly exposed it.*

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* We cannot pass this part of the Memoir without making honourable mention of old Mr. Mouncey, who was for many years a deacon of the church, and was one of the principal persons engaged in bringing Mr. Gadsby to Manchester. As a man of business he was greatly esteemed in the sphere he moved in, in the mercantile world. He was possessed of a sound judgment and great reasoning powers, well able to state his views. He was often chosen as an arbitrator to settle disputes amongst men of business. In the church of Christ he stood upon high ground. He used the office of a deacon well, purchasing to himself a good degree and great boldness in the faith which is in Christ Jesus. He occasionally preached the word of eternal life; but at preaching he was very backward; he always said the Lord had not called him to the work of the ministry. In the management of the affairs of the church, he was the pastor's right-hand man, having an influence in the church that seldom falls to the lot of a deacon. In the days of Mr. Mouncey, Mr. Gadsby had little church trouble to what he was called to pass through after he was removed by death. Mr. Mouncey was regular in his attendance upon the means of grace, and always there before the time of divine service. He used to say, "I never feel myself at liberty to go to worship at any other chapel, or with any other people, when our chapel doors are open for divine worship; but if our chapel doors are closed, and I have an opportunity to go to hear some good man preach, I can go with a good conscience, knowing that I am not wanted at my own place, and that I am not hurting the mind of my own minister, nor the minds of my brethren, in seeing my place empty in the Lord's sanctuary." If at any time they might have a supply that he could not very well hear, he did

In the early part of his abode at Manchester, he thought he would have matters very straight in the church, so that he would have such a church for order as was not in this part of the country. During this time, he had a dream, in which he thought he was working in a blacksmith's shop, and was endeavouring to straighten iron; but the more he strove to straighten it, the more crooked it became. When he awoke, he wondered what it could mean, when this scripture came to his mind with some power: "That which is crooked cannot be made straight." From this he saw that he must leave the Lord to do his own work, and go on preaching, and take the statements from the people as they delivered them, leaving the event with God how they afterwards turned out.

After he was settled in Manchester, there were still two parties in the church; one growingly attached to the minister and his ministry; the other party finding fault, saying he did not preach up practical godliness enough. In this state of things, the following circumstance took place. One of his principal opponents, named Hopper, that was for more practical religion being preached, was a large bookseller. One Saturday night, one of the members went to Mr. H.'s shop, to look for a book that he wanted. While he was seeking for the book, a poor man came in, and offered a book for sale, saying it was a choice work, but necessity urged him to sell it. The great advocate for practical godliness asked him what he wanted for it. He told him he did not expect that he would give him its

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not run away, but was always there when health and strength of body would permit. His end was truly blessed. The writer of these lines hopes never to forget visiting him upon his death-bed. With tears trickling down his cheeks, he spoke blessedly upon the 3rd verse of the 26th chapter of Isaiah, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee." He was in the sweet enjoyment of peace with God, by faith in the peace-speaking blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. His mind was blessedly stayed upon the God of his salvation. He had not a doubt nor a fear of his interest in Christ Jesus, but a sweet enjoyment, an earnest of the inheritance that is in reserve in heaven for all those that love and fear God. He longed to be "absent from the body, and present with the Lord."

A fellow-member, who was very poor as to this world's goods, had secretly married one of Mr. Mouncey's step-daughters. Mr. Mouncey was very much grieved, and said he could not again unite with him. Mr. Gadsby waited upon him; and, after some conversation, Mr. Gadsby proposed to send his new son-in-law to him. "Well do," said Mr. Mouncey. "Stop," he added, suddenly recollecting himself, "that is not the way. He has offended *me;* so it is my place to go to him; and, if the Lord will, I will go." He went, and everything was made comfortable between them.

The Lord increase the number of such men as members and officers in his churches as the late Mr. Mouncey was, if it be his blessed will; for they have an influence in the church, and over all around them, that is of vast importance for Zion's peace and prosperity. The like are very seldom met with.

full value; it was worth twenty shillings, but, as he was in distress, he would take twelve shillings for it. Mr. H. said, "I can give no such money for it; for if I were to buy it, it might lie in my shop for months as dead money." Would he give him ten shillings for it? "No," he said; "I could not tell what to do with it, if I were to purchase it." Would he give him eight shillings for it? "No, I could not afford to give so much." "Well," says the poor man, "to tell you the truth, I am selling this book for money to buy bread for myself and family, as we are starving. Will you give me six shillings for it?" "Now, as you are in distress, and want bread for your wife and children," said Mr. H., "I will give you six shillings for it." He paid the poor man the money, and the man then went away. The bookseller, taking the book into his hand, turned to his son, and said, "I am glad I have got this book; for such a gentleman has been inquiring for it for some time. Take it and wrap it up, and direct it for him; and enclose the invoice, £1 1s." The member of the church that was looking for the book heard all this conversation, and was sorely wounded in his own mind. He went directly to Mr. Gadsby, and told him all about it. Next day, Mr. Gadsby, in his sermon, said that he understood that some of his hearers wanted more practical godliness preaching; and he was sure that some of them wanted a great deal better practice than they had. He then stated, that in a bookseller's shop, not fifty miles from Manchester, such a circumstance had taken place. He rehearsed the case as above stated, and added, "If this cap fits any of you, you may put it on; and if it fits too tightly, that you do not like it, you may '*hop*' off, for I would rather be without such practical hearers than have them, for they are a disgrace to civil society, saying nothing of Christianity." Such plain and faithful dealings could not be borne; so a division took place; and the neighbouring ministers took these pious people by the hand, because they could not do with the preaching of Gadsby, the Antinomian. Nearly £4,000 were laid out; and, in 1808, a large chapel was built for them in York-street, but they never had many people.

It is notorious that when men begin to preach, and do not succeed according to their own wishes, they turn aside into error, or to fight against their own minister. It cannot justly be concealed that Mr. Gadsby waded through a sea of trouble arising from this cause. Though there were several divisions at various times in his church, there was not one which was not either wholly caused by disappointed would-be parsons, or in which they were prime movers.

It is not our intention, however, in this Memoir, to give particulars of the various divisions that occurred. A separate tract may probably be shortly published on this subject, containing also a few remarks on the present state and prospects of the bereaved church. A few observations here, therefore, shall suffice.

The division which caused Mr. G. the greatest grief was that which occurred in 1823, while the chapel was down for enlargement, which Mr. G. referred to in his speech already given. The leaders of this division were five parsons, at the head of whom was

the late Mr. George Greenhough. One of these parsons turned out a vile wretch, another turned Sandemanian, Mr. Gadsby and Mr. Greenhough were reconciled prior to the death of the latter, and of the other two, who are still living, we have reason to hope better things than of the two former.

The last division appears, humanly speaking, to have given the last blow to Mr. G.'s already declining health. It began in malice and was carried on in malice, headed by several persons who had some time before been separated from the church for various causes, and others who were the more immediate friends of a Baptist Minister in London, named Wells. Various were the causes assigned by the party for their taking another chapel, and commencing another interest, which they did, without even sending in their resignation to St. George's Road. Indeed, some of them, who were members there, not only continued to attend the various church meetings, but were so conscience-seared as absolutely for several months to attend the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, while out of doors they were endeavouring to vilify Mr. G.'s character in every possible way, until Mr. G. insisted upon their being separated, remarking that the table of the Lord must not be so profaned. Notwithstanding all that these people may assert to the contrary, it is beyond doubt that the *main* cause of the separation was a declaration by Mr. Gadsby that Mr. Wells, above-named, should never enter his pulpit again until he had renounced the awful error that he holds, that a child of God cannot backslide. Mr. Wells professes to have had no hand in the above separation, and had it not been for the course he took during his visit to Manchester, this year, (1844,) which has been justly designated treacherous, we might have been disposed to believe him. His conduct, however, while there, confirms us in our previous fears; but as he has threatened to "take advantage of the laws of his country," that is, to enter an action, against Mr. J. Gadsby if anything be published derogatory to his character, we deem it prudent to leave our readers to draw their own conclusions.

Referring to this division, on New Year's Day, Mr. G. said, "I have almost been led to wonder whether the devil and they would not like to split the poor old fellow's heart. And though, through mercy, I am in a great measure reconciled to the event, and believe that some wheat has gone off with the chaff, yet there are some that I firmly believe I shall never be reconciled to, either in this world or the world to come."

We now proceed to give a few outlines of the character of our departed friend, and this is a part of the Memoir which we approach with great diffidence, knowing how inadequate we are to the subject.

As a MINISTER, his labours were indefatigable. Besides preaching four times a week to his own people at Manchester, he for years preached four or five other sermons during the week, and every week. After preaching at home three times on the Lord's Day, he would walk on the Monday morning to Rochdale, eleven miles from

Manchester, to dinner. After dinner he would walk two or three miles farther, to preach in the afternoon; then return to Rochdale, and preach in the evening. On the Tuesday he would walk to Manchester, and preach to his own people at night. On the Wednesday he would walk to Bolton, Oldham, Bury, Stockport, Pendlebury, or some other place, preach at night, and on the Thursday start off to another town, and preach, and return home on the Friday. Another week he would procure a supply for his own place for Tuesday, and take a tour, almost always on foot, to Blackburn, Preston, Accrington, Rosendale, &c. &c. A third week he would go into Yorkshire; to Halifax, Bradford, Huddersfield, &c. &c. And a fourth week he would, in like manner, visit Derbyshire, Cheshire, &c. In these four counties nearly forty chapels, or places of worship, were opened through his instrumentality; and certainly his labours were not in vain in the Lord, for hundreds of sinners, many of whom are now gone to glory, were brought, under his ministry, out of darkness into light, and from sin and Satan unto God. Being made to feel their lost and ruined state as sinners, they were led to cry to God for mercy, and never to rest till that mercy was revealed to their souls, which was ofttimes the case under his ministry, for not only did he insist upon the necessity of the application of the law to the sinner's conscience, killing him to the world, to self, and to every thing short of Christ and his atonement, but he was also a spiritual Barnabas, instrumentally administering consolation to mourners, and proclaiming to them that had been made to feel they had nothing to pay, a full and free salvation, without money and without price.

To use the words of the editor of the *Gospel Standard*,* "*thorough soundness in every point* seems to have been peculiarly stamped upon his ministry. Whether he handled doctrine, experience, or precept, his speech and his preaching were sound, clear, and scriptural.

"In handling *doctrine* 'he showed uncorruptness,' (Titus ii. 7,) and was singularly free from fanciful interpretations, strained and mystical views upon dark texts, and that false spiritualization which passes with many for wondrous depth, but which he valued at its due worth. In reading his published sermons we have been much struck with the soundness, clearness, simplicity, and sobriety of his interpretations. He saw too clearly that his doctrine was the doctrine of the Scriptures to wrest any part of the word from its connexion, or to rest a truth upon a text which did not clearly declare it, when there were so many passages in which the Holy Ghost had plainly revealed it. His object was not that W. Gadsby should be admired for his ingenuity, subtilty, depth, or eloquence, but that the God of all grace should be glorified. He did not dare to make the pulpit a stage for creature display, still less a platform from which he might keep up a perpetual excitement by some new view of a passage, some startling paradox, some dazzling array of figures and illustrations—the whole sermon being to illustrate this text, 'Who so great a man as I?'

* *Gospel Standard*, May, 1844.

"In *doctrine* his favourite topic was the union of the church with her covenant Head, and all the spiritual blessings that spring out of that union. Nor did he ever keep back the grand truths which are usually denominated *Calvinistic*, but which should rather be called *Bible* truths.

"*Election*, in particular, was a point he much dwelt upon, and it usually occupied a prominent place in all his discourses. No man was less afraid of the doctrine frightening and alarming people, or being a stumbling-block in the way of the inquirer. He had no idea of smuggling people into religion, and insinuating Calvinism so gently that they were made Calvinists almost before they knew it. He knew that the doctrine was of God; and, as the servant of God, he proclaimed it on the walls of Zion.

"The doctrine of *the Trinity* too was a darling topic with him. He well knew that it was the grand foundation stone of revealed truth, and that out of a Triune God flowed all the mercies and blessings that are bestowed upon the church of Christ.

"In a word, he held 'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." No novelty in doctrine allured him from the old path. For nearly fifty years he stood upon the battlements of Zion, holding forth the word of life; and from the beginning to the end of his ministry, maintained, with undeviating consistency, the same glorious truths, and sealed them at last with his dying breath.

"In handling *experience*, into which he seemed more particularly led during the later years of his life, *he neither set up a very high nor a very low standard*. But he always insisted strongly upon such an experimental knowledge of the spirituality of God's law as should completely throw down and cut to pieces all creature righteousness, and always contended for such an experimental knowledge of Christ as should bring pardon and peace. No man ever, we believe, expressed himself more strongly upon the deep corruption of the heart, its deceitfulness, horrible filthiness, and thorough helplessness. One point we have often admired in his ministry; he would touch upon such spots as no other minister that we know ever dare approach. And this he did in a way peculiar to himself. He did not give glowing descriptions of human depravity; but sometimes in a way of warning, and sometimes with self-abhorrence, and sometimes as a word of encouragement to poor backsliders, he would touch upon sins which would make pious professors lift up their eyes with mock horror. But he hit the right nail on the head, as many of God's children know to their soul's joy. Of sin he never spoke but with the greatest abhorrence; but he was not one of those who are all holiness in the pulpit, and all filthiness out of it.

"Another point which we have thought he handled in a way peculiarly his own, and with great sweetness and power, was, to use his favourite expression, '*the riches of matchless grace*.' Were we to mention a text which seems to sum up his preaching, it would be Rom. v. 20, 21, 'Moreover the law entered that sin might abound,'—(these were his views upon the law;) 'but where sin abounded,' (what a field for opening up, as he would sometimes do,

the aboundings of inward sin and filth!) 'grace did much more abound'—here he was at home in tracing out the glories of sovereign, distinguishing grace. The glory of God's grace, from its first rise in the eternal covenant to its full consummation in future blessedness, was indeed his darling theme. When speaking of the heights of super-angelic glory to which the blessed Redeemer had raised the church, he was sometimes carried, as it were, beyond himself. A grandeur and dignity clothed his ideas, and he spoke with such power and authority that it seemed almost as if he had been in the third heaven, and was come back to tell us what he had seen and heard there.

"*Great originality*, all must admit, was stamped upon his ministry. His ideas and expressions were borrowed from none. His figures and comparisons were singularly original and apposite, and generally conveyed his meaning in a striking manner. Few men's reported sermons bear reading so well as his—that great test whether there is any sterling stuff in them. Very simple, and yet very clear, very full of matter, and that of the choicest kind, with the text thoroughly worked out, and that in the most experimental manner.

"A friend of ours and his well characterised, we think, in one sentence Mr. Gadsby's ministry. 'It contains,' said he, 'the cream of all the preachers I ever heard.' We think this was a happy expression. His sermons were not skimmed milk, or London sky blue, but were rich in unction, savour, and power, and possessed a fulness and depth such as we find in no other reported sermons that we have seen."*

We must also add that Mr. G. was a strict Baptist, and he looked upon no characters with more godly jealousy than upon those who had once professed to have been led by the Spirit to see that none but believers were the proper subjects for baptism, and that the only scriptural mode of administering the ordinance was by immersion, and who afterwards sunk into mixed communion. In defending these views he was led in a most grand manner to set forth the sufferings of the Redeemer, his death, burial, and resurrection, and to prove from the word of God that baptism was instituted as an emblem thereof, and to set forth the sinner's death unto sin and resurrection unto newness of life, through the death and resurrection of the Redeemer. He frequently said that though he had baptized hundreds of persons, of both sexes, and in various states of health, he never knew one to take any injury.

"The burden of his ministry seemed chiefly to consist of three particulars: 1. In laying bare the death, depravity, deceit, and helplessness of human nature. 2. In tracing out the first work of divine quickening in the cries, desires, and sensations of the living soul, and the various trials and temptations of God's afflicted sheep of slaughter. (Zech. vi. 7.) 3. In holding forth the rich glories of eternal grace and love in the covenant purposes of God the Fa-

* *Gospel Standard*, No. 101.

ther, the mediatorial glories of the God-Man, the inseparable union of the church with him, and her completeness in him, having all fulness treasured up there; and the effectual operations and sweet anointings of the Holy Ghost in the heart. These things he held forth with powerful majesty as he was enabled by the Lord working in him mightily. (Col. i. 29.)"*

He always insisted upon the great difference that there is between merely having the doctrines of grace in the head, and having the power of those doctrines in the heart, and would sometimes say, that "a man might believe in the doctrines of grace and yet be outstripped by the devil, for the devils believe, and *tremble*, and that's more than many of these head-knowledge professors do."

Speaking of the depravity of the human heart, by nature, and of the Holy Spirit turning over the fallow ground thereof in regeneration, he would sometimes say, "It is not because those who have the life of God in their hearts are more vile than the rest of the world that they cry out, 'Unclean, unclean!' but because the Spirit has turned their hearts over, and shown them what is concealed there. In my country there was a weed that they called cadlock. This weed never showed itself in the ground till it was ploughed up, but as soon as ever the plough was put in, the weed began to show itself. But nobody was foolish enough to suppose that the plough had put in the weed. No, no; that was there before, but while the ground remained hard, the weed did not spring up; but as soon as it was made soft, then this cadlock would spring up quite thick, and harass and plague the poor farmer."

"As to *faithfulness*," says a friend, "he paid no more regard to offending Arminians and Fullerites than he would to Satan and his agents, for the sentiments of these classes he abhorred, and always set his face as an iron pillar and brazen wall against them." His "Everlasting Task for Arminians" will, we believe, live while the world stands, as an unanswerable testimony against the doctrine of man's free will; and while preaching on this subject, his discourses were in a high degree powerful, and his arguments convincing.

"Remove the cause and the effect will cease," he would often say, is the cry of the Arminians, when they get hold of a poor sinner who has got into a backsliding state; which is the same as telling a man who has fallen into a deep well that if he will get out of the well alive, he'll not be drowned. "But," says the poor man, "*I'm in*, and how am I to get out? Let down a rope, and help me out, and then I'll thank you, and tell you how I came to get in."

"He loved *me*, and gave himself for *me*," says Paul. "But," Mr. G. would sometimes remark, "if Christ died for the whole human race, the damned in hell might get up and say the same, 'He gave himself for *me*, and yet I'm damned. So what's the use of Paul's making so much fuss about that? He gave himself for *me*, but that has not kept me out of hell. So something else must have saved Paul, and he does not know it.'"

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* *Gospel Standard*, No. 101.

We select the following instances of his faithfulness, both as to practice and doctrine:

A minister, a Socinian, we believe, in Warwickshire, lent him his pulpit, but begged he would enter into no controversy. Mr. G. took for his text, "And without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness. God was manifest in the flesh."

Many years ago, he was sent for, to preach at Chapel-en-le-Frith, in Derbyshire. As he had never been there, he thought he would go, though he knew nothing of the people who had sent for him. When he arrived, he made inquiries, and found that they were Unitarians, and had advertised that there would be a collection. He said nothing about the matter until he had done preaching, when he said, "I understand that there is to be a collection for the support of this place. Now, as the people are Unitarians, I mean to give nothing myself, and if you have any respect for your pockets, you'll do the same." The boxes went round, and eighteen shillings was the sum collected.

An aged Baptist minister, Mr. Birt, who was somewhat attached to Mr. G., called upon him on one occasion, and reasoned with him about the impropriety of his being so very peculiar in his sentiments and pointed in his remarks. Giving an account of this interview, Mr. G. observed, "He told me that if I would only be a little more calm, modify my sentiments a little, and not be quite so *savage*, the other ministers would take me by the hand, and I should certainly be a great man amongst them; I should be as great a man as Abraham Booth. While he was with me, I was enabled to be very firm and faithful, and I told him I had my Master to please, and not men. But when he was gone, I began to reason with myself thus: Well, after all, why *should* I be so singular? I should certainly have more peace and more honour too; and so I made up my mind *I would be* more moderate. Accordingly, on the following Lord's Day, I began to preach in a way that would offend nobody, as I thought. I screwed my mouth like a corkscrew, and was determined I would be very mild. But O, what bondage I felt, and darkness that I cannot describe, till at length this passage came to my mind with great power: "He that hath my word, let him speak my word faithfully." I felt the word burn like a fire in my bones. In the name of the Lord, I said, it must come out, and it shall come out. I stamped with my foot and thumped the pulpit with my fist, and I never preached more 'savagely,' as my friend called it, in all my life. And from that day to this, the devil has never got me into that box again."

Of his *usefulness* as a minister, innumerable instances might be given, in addition to those which appear in other parts of the Memoir, but we shall confine ourselves to a few, as we wish not to swell out these pages.

"I have often thought of one occurrence, that took place, connected with my own ministry, some years ago. A poor woman, in very great distress, thought she could go on no longer, and she would know the worst of it, and so she appointed a time in her own

mind when she would drown herself; and when the time came she went to the river, but just as she was going to plunge in, it occurred to her, 'Why, if I drown myself now, the folks at home will not know where I am, and they will hunt every where to find me, and they will waste so much time in looking after me that I shall add to all my other sins bringing my family to poverty. I will go back, and bring my little girl with me another day, and then she can tell them where I am.' And so the Lord overruled it for that time. Well, she went again accordingly, and took the child with her, and was just going to plunge in, when she thought, 'Why, my poor little girl will be so frightened that she will jump in, and I shall drown her too. I will go back, and take some other method of doing it.' And after this she came to the place where I preached, and God set her soul at liberty, and she was brought to know the blessings of salvation. Oh, how carefully the Holy Spirit looks after the flock of the Lord! How carefully he guards them, when they have neither power nor intention to guard themselves!"*

For some months, many years ago, he was plagued every time he went into the pulpit with a feeling as though he had a great weight upon his shoulders, sinking him almost to the earth. He trembled violently, and had to hold by the sides of the pulpit to support himself. So great was his fear that he expected every moment to be struck dead, and yet had no manifest cause in his mind which could enable him to account for it. He laboured to get rid of the feeling, but could not, till one Lord's Day morning he felt constrained to tell the people what he was labouring under. No sooner had he done so than the feeling was taken away. After service a friend went into the vestry to tell him how much the circumstance had been blessed to her, as she had been labouring under the same feeling many months. Mr. G. shed tears of gratitude to God, and said he hoped he should never keep the devil's secrets again.

One Lord's Day morning or afternoon, he was so shut up in his mind that he was unable to preach. Describing this, he said, "I bungled on for a few minutes, and then gave it up. I skulked out of the pulpit like a thief. A poor woman met me at the bottom of the stairs, and told me my sermon had been much blessed to her soul. I felt so peevish that I could have knocked her down, to think that I must be made to look like such a fool, just because God had to deliver this poor woman! But God will work his own way, however much we may kick and rebel."

"But we must come to retail it out a little," Mr. G. once said. "I am a kind of retail preacher; as a friend of ours, who lived in a country place used to say, 'I like to hear our friend, when he retails it out; sometimes our parson wholesales it, and we poor folks cannot go to a wholesale shop; it suits me to have it retailed out, for those are the shops we poor folks can go to.' And so the people of God are continually brought into such a state that they want to have it retailed out in little parcels, (as we may say,) that God may be glorified and themselves made glad through his grace."

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* Penny Pulpit.

A woman, named Harlow, who was among the Arminians, and who had worked herself out of breath, had heard a most dreadful account of Mr. G., that he was an Antinomian, a madman, and every thing that was bad. Passing the chapel one Lord's Day evening, while Mr. G. was preaching, and hearing him very loud, she thought to herself, I will just go in a few minutes, and hear what he has to say. When she got in, he was just describing the state of her mind, working for life, but getting, in her feelings, worse and worse. When he concluded, he said, "God willing, I shall preach again on Tuesday night." "And, God willing, I'll hear you," said the woman. She did so, and the Lord that night was pleased to set her soul at liberty, and reveal Christ to her soul as her salvation.

Once, when preaching in Yorkshire, we believe, in a large place, a poor woman thought she should like to hear him, but wished to keep herself from being seen, and therefore stood just within the door when he began; but the preaching laid hold of her soul, and drew her step by step, unconsciously, up through the middle of the place before all the people, and to her own astonishment she found herself at last standing at his feet, eagerly listening, with her mouth wide open.

One of Mr. G.'s members meeting a person who was a member of an Independent chapel, was thus accosted: "Well, friend, what news?" "I have not any particular, only Mr. Gadsby has taken two of our members, which confirms me in an opinion I have had of him for some time, that he is only a sheep stealer." "Yes," said Mr. G.'s member, "let him have the sheep, and you are welcome to the goats."

An old woman, named Mary —, was member of a Wesleyan class, but she was always hobbling behind. The class-leader could make nothing of her, for every time he asked her how she felt, she could only answer, "Worse and worse," her shortcomings were so heavily laid upon her mind. One Lord's day afternoon, the leader said, "Mary, I'll take you to hear one of the queerest fellows you ever heard in your life." "Well," said Mary, "I'm willing to go any where, for I feel truly miserable." He took her to hear Mr. G. After service, the class-leader said, "Well, Mary, did you ever hear such a queer fellow in all your life?" "No, never," she replied, "but I know where I am now. You'll never get me into your class again." She was subsequently baptized by Mr. G.

After once preaching against oppression, one of his hearers went into the vestry in a rage, and told him he had no right to be personal. "Why," said Mr. G., "what's the matter?" "You knew," replied the hearer, "that such a thing had taken place in my establishment." "Indeed," said Mr. G., "I did not; I never heard a word about it. So you see I have only to draw the bow; the Lord will direct the arrows."

Referring to the agony of mind that some endured when under deep convictions, he said, they would probably feel their poor bodies grow weaker, and actually go to a looking glass to see if

they were wasting away. This circumstance was made a blessing to a young woman, who was in that very state, having often gone to the glass to see if she still retained her natural form.

One Tuesday evening he was preaching in his own chapel from the words, "A true witness delivereth souls, but a deceitful witness speaketh lies;" (Prov. xiv. 25;) and in the course of his sermon he stated that he was once preaching in Yorkshire, and when he had done an old woman came to him and said she liked all such preachers as he. He said, "Why, mistress, what sort of a preacher am I?" She said "she did not know; but when she was a girl, there was an acqueduct at Hebden Bridge, Yorkshire, and she used to go under it and shout Betty, and it used to shout Betty back again, and it went backward and forward, and backward and forward. Now when you are preaching your preaching comes to my soul and says Betty, and keeps going backward and forward, backward and forward, like this sound under the bridge. I like all these sort of preachers best." So the preaching of experimental truth finds an echo in the souls of God's people.

That Mr. G. naturally had a great degree of eccentric wit, which he sometimes used in the pulpit, cannot be denied, but this was frequently a source of great uneasiness to his mind. Hundreds of ridiculous sayings that have been fathered upon him are gross falsehoods, as he certainly never heard of them until they were told him. Speaking on this subject in the Preface to his "Perfect Law of Liberty," he observes:

"It is an awful fact, that we live in a day when the best name which the truth, as it is in Jesus, can obtain among the bulk of the professing world, is that of 'Antinomianism;' and whoever dare be bold to declare, in the language of Scripture, that the believer is 'dead to the law by the body of Christ,' is sure to be published, far and near, as an enemy to holiness and a propagator of licentiousness, unless, after he has so said, he is dexterous enough to make the Scripture speak what it never thought of; and if he can do this, he may go through the world without being besmeared with religious slander; but if he be not able to do this, his name must be cast out as evil; and whatever malicious lie is forged, and is fathered on such a character, it is received with the greatest glee, as being a real truth.

"It is certain that the old trade of 'Report, and we will report it,' never was in a more flourishing state than at this time. Indeed, could government only hit on a plan to fix a duty on this trade, it is not to say what an immense revenue it would produce.

"Within these few months, there is scarcely a frothy tale that has been heard of for the last century but what has been fathered on me, and that without the least foundation. To name the whole of them would seem absurd; nevertheless, the religious world receives them with the greatest satisfaction and pleasure, and is very active in publishing them abroad, as undeniable facts. Yea, there are 'Perfectionists' in the town of Manchester, that have openly declared they have heard me say things which, God knoweth, never entered into my head, before this *holy tribe* fathered them on me.

"But these are not the only class of pious (not to say *impious*) souls

who are engaged in this trade of scandal-bearing. No, sirs; be it known to the honour of *gentlemen of the cloth*, who profess to be *Calvinists*, that numbers of them are as industrious as most men in this business.

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"Whether this tribe of scandal-bearers ever expect to appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, is not for me to determine; but one thing I know, if they are to be judged by their *only rule of life*, they will be in a poor state when they that have borne false witness against their neighbour shall receive according to their deeds."

The utmost extent of eccentricity that he displayed in the pulpit may be gathered from the following:

Speaking of the returning prodigal, he would say, that the father, "instead of getting Moses to him, and flogging him for running away, he ran and met him, and fell on his neck and kissed him; and I believe he kissed his dirty face clean; and mind, he had been feeding swine, so his face would be tolerably dirty. He had not only been feeding swine, but had been trying to feed himself with their husks; but the Lord had made his throat too narrow for such Arminian rubbish."

He was once accosted by a man in the country, where Mr. G. had gone to preach. The man did not know him, but said, "Friend, what do you think of this Gadsby? He's a great plague and pest, go where he will." "Aye," replied Mr. G., "he has plagued me a thousand times more than all my other enemies put together."

He was once remarking on Acts xx. 37, "They (the Ephesian church) fell upon Paul's neck and kissed him," when he said, "It did not mean a building of stone, for if it had been our *old church*, it would have broken his neck."

On one occasion, some of the singers in the chapel were very tiresome, looking over their notes while he was preaching. At length Mr. G. said, "Never mind *your* notes; attend to *mine*."

Preaching once at Middleton, about midway between Manchester and Rochdale, the door of the place in which he was preaching made a great noise every time it was opened. Some of the people always turned their heads to see who was coming in. At length Mr. G. said, "There might be a wire fastened to the door at one end and to some of your heads at the other, for as sure as the door opens, so sure do your heads turn round."

He was once preaching, when a Wesleyan kept calling out, "Amen!" Mr. G. at length said, "I shall make noise enough, without your bother."

The singers at the chapel once stuck fast with the tune, and though they made several attempts, yet they could not get on. Mr. G. at length said, "Let us pray; for, Lord help us, we cannot sing."

Two gentlemen who were on a visit to Manchester having heard that Mr. G. was a "queer fellow," went to hear him preach out of curiosity. Mr. G. was that morning unusually solemn and sedate. When he had been preaching some time, one said to the other, "I

see nothing particular about him; we may as well be going." Mr. G. observed them, and said, "We'll only have one talking at once, if you please; therefore I'll stop till you've done."

Remarking upon some people's views of the moral law, calling it the old law in a new relation, Mr. G. was wont to say it reminded him of a family who had an old knife that they greatly prized because it had been in the family so many years. True, it had been mended a number of times; it had had so many new blades and so many new hafts, and yet it was the same old knife still, though everything was new.

Preaching in a house in Bury, a man stood before him, who seemed very uneasy, and kept taking out his watch to see the time. Mr. G. at length said, "I'll tell you what time it is the next time you wish to know, and so save you the trouble of taking out your watch."

He was on one occasion reading Psalm cxxvii, 4, 5, "As arrows are in the hand of a mighty man, so are children of the youth. Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them," when he observed, "Bless you, there were no hand-loom weavers in those days."

He was always very much annoyed when any of his hearers went to sleep while he was preaching, which was often the case in an afternoon, when there was service three times on the Lord's Day. On one occasion, he suddenly sat down, in the middle of his sermon. On rising, he said, "As you appear to be awake now, I'll start again."

A boy, the son of one of his members, was very naughty in chapel. "Merryweather," exclaimed Mr. G., "if you are not good I'll tell your father. I would tell him now, only he's asleep."

As a CHRISTIAN, says the editor of the *Gospel Standard*, "one feature we have often admired in Mr. Gadsby's character—*his singular humility*. Who ever heard him angle for praise? Who ever heard him boasting of, or oven alluding to, his popularity as a preacher, his large congregation, his gifts for the ministry, his acceptance with the people of God, his numerous invitations to preach at different places, and the blessing that generally rested upon his pulpit labours? Who ever perceived him, in the most indirect manner, fishing to learn who had heard him well, and dabbling in that wretched love of flattery which, disgusting in all, is doubly so in ministers of the gospel? We have seen him, after some of the grandest sermons we ever heard in our lives, sitting with no self-approving smile upon his countenance, no mock-bashful looks as if waiting to receive the incense of flattery, no self-enthroned dignity of state as king of the pulpit and lord of the vestry, but like a little child, simple and humble, the chief of sinners, and less than the least of all saints. Great as he was as a minister, and deservedly esteemed and loved, there was nothing in him of the great Don. No man was ever more free from priestly dignity or fleshly holiness. It was not with him, 'I am the great man to be listened to by my knot of admirers; what I say is law; and all you have to do is to

approve.' Such parlour priestcraft the honest soul of William Gadsby abhorred.

"His conduct out of the pulpit, as far as our observation goes, was singularly consistent with all his profession in it. We do not speak here of mere outward consistency. And who in his ministry of fifty years, and what but a lying tongue ever found a visible blemish even there? But in the little observances of life, who ever entertained a more courteous visitor than he? Who of the numerous friends who at different places received him into their houses ever saw in him an overbearing, fretful, covetous, selfish, proud disposition? Kindness, and friendship, and courtesy to all, sometimes even to a fault, shone forth in him.

"And who ever heard him slander and backbite, or retail news from house to house? Admitted as he was into the bosom of so many families, who ever knew him to talk of what he must have seen and witnessed in so many places? Naturally disposed to humour, what a fund there would have been for his quick and ready-witted tongue! But who ever heard him make any allusion, except to the kindness of his entertainers, or who ever knew him carry tales from one end of England to the other?

"How singularly free, too, was our departed friend from running down and depreciating brother ministers! We never once heard him drop an unkind allusion or say a disparaging word against a minister of truth. His hand never carried a secret dagger to stab his brethren with.

"And to this we may add, that, as he was the last to depreciate, so was he the last to flatter. His kindness and brotherly love kept him from the one, and his sincerity preserved him from the other."

As a Man, "*benevolence and sympathy*," continues the editor of the *Gospel Standard*, "with suffering, in every shape and form, we believe to have been natural to Mr. Gadsby; and though it may be hard to define to what extent and in what direction grace enlarged and guided his natural disposition, we do not doubt that, even had he lived and died in a state of nature, the character of humanity, kindness, and affection would have been stamped upon his memory."

In giving relief to persons with whom he was unacquainted, he was often very much imposed upon, and had watched the parties walk straight into a public-house with the money he had given them. Latterly, however, he had been more careful; and, under pretence of being hard of hearing, would put his head down near to the applicant's face to smell if they had had anything to drink, and if they had, he invariably refused relief. On the evening of the 19th December, after his return from Saddleworth, a man called and wished to see him. Mr. G. hobbled into the lobby as well as he could, when the man began to tell him a most lamentable tale; that a wife and three children were laid up of a fever, no fire in the house, nor anything to eat, and so forth. "Where do you live?" asked Mr. G., having *smelt* that the man had been drinking. "At the bottom of Red Bank." "Who do you know there?" "O,

every body." "Do you know Mr. —?" "O yes, very well." "Well, now," said Mr. G., "if you'll go to him, and get a note from him that what you say is true, I'll relieve you." "O, sir," said the man, "perhaps he does not know *me*." "Well, do you know Mr. —?" "Yes, I do." "Well, get a note from him." "O, perhaps he does not know me either; do pray give me a single sixpence, for my wife is dying." "Not a farthing," said Mr. G., "unless you get a note from one of those two." "Only a single sixpence," said the man. "Not a farthing," said Mr. G., "without a note." By this time, he had got the man to the door, when on a sudden the man roared out, "You're drunk, you're drunk! O that your congregation could but see how drunk you are!" and he went through the streets calling out, "Old Gadsby's drunk! old Gadsby's drunk!" The following Lord's Day Mr. G. was speaking of the desirableness of the church of God having a good report of them that are without, when he said we must not expect a good report of *all* men, and he named the above circumstance as an example.

A few months before he died, a friend sent him £20, requesting him to give £10 to the poor, and keep £10 himself. He thanked the friend by letter, but added that the Lord had in mercy blessed him with a sufficiency of this world's good, and that he should give the whole to the poor. Indeed, it is a known fact, that whenever he had money sent him, unless the giver stated expressly that it was for himself, and even then very frequently, he invariably gave it to the poor.

Once, going to Oldham to preach, he heard on his way that the bailiffs had been put into a poor man's house for rent. The man was in deep trouble. Mr. G. inquired how much he owed, paid the amount, and went on to Oldham.

There was a family amongst his hearers who were in deep distress. Mr. G. interested himself very much on their behalf, and often relieved them, both out of his own pocket and with money that he begged for them. On one occasion he ascertained that they had been nearly three days without food. A poor man sent them half a crown. Mr. G. called to see the family soon afterwards, when he found them feasting on fried ham, muffins, &c. Mr. G. reprimanded them very severely, and when naming the fact from the pulpit he said he believed the devil had as much religion as such characters.

Mr. G.'s usual practice was, when he went out preaching, to make the richer congregations pay for the poorer. He was once invited to preach near London, and his expenses were about fifteen shillings. The deacons did not offer him anything to defray those expenses. He was again invited, and again he went; when the deacons asked him what charge he made. "O," he said, "I don't make out a bill," for he saw they were a "*screwing*" lot, as he termed it. "Thank you," said they. "I do not mean," he replied, that I do not *receive* anything, when the people like you can afford it, but that I do not make out a bill." They then offered him a guinea, but he refused it, saying he never took anything that was not voluntary.

A few poor people at Haslingden and Rosendale agreed to send for Mr. G. to preach for them, one night at the former and another

at the latter place. Having preached at Haslingden, one of the friends offered him five shillings, which would just be his coach fare one way, and told him that the Rosendale friends would pay his fare back. "Nay," said Mr. G., "that's more than you can afford. I will not take more than half-a-crown."

When disposing of the copyright of his works to one of his sons, the *old ledger* came under notice, when his son offered to give him £40 for the debts contained in it. "Nay," replied Mr. G., "I am not going to let you trouble my old friends." And there the debts remain, being for books.

The evening on which Mr. G. died, an Irishwoman went into a pawnbroker's, who was a hearer of Mr. G.'s, and, on hearing of his death, she lifted up her hands, and said, "Bless his soul; I hope he's at rest, for he once kept me from starving, when my own priest wouldn't give me a farthing."

But our limits will not allow us to enlarge here. Suffice it to say, that since the year 1820, when his salary was raised to £230 per year, taking into account the innumerable presents that he was constantly receiving, and his income from various other sources in addition to his salary from the church, he must have given away, out of his own pocket, or expended it in travelling to preach without receiving any remuneration, no less a sum than £80 or £100 per year. This is a fact which can be demonstrated in figures. Benevolence was his element. He felt that it was more blessed to give than to receive, and he acted up to what he felt. Hundreds of poor people have lost in him a friend that may not be again raised up in Manchester for years.

His *habits and mode of living* were exceedingly economical. He was not penurious in the house, but he would never allow a joint to be cooked, while there was cold meat in the cellar, and all scraps he invariably would have hashed.

One of his hearers, who was always in debt, and always in trouble, was once complaining to Mr. G. about his hard fate, when Mr. G. said, "Why, I believe you spend more money in provisions than I do." The hearer said it was not true. "Well, come now," said Mr. G., "let us reckon. How much do you pay for rent?" "I pay the landlord as much as I can afford," was the answer. "How much for schooling?" "Nothing. You know that; the children have no schooling." "How much for taxes?" "Taxes indeed! nothing." "How much for clogs and stockings?" "The children have none; they are barefoot." "Well now," said Mr. G., "my income is so much, and yours is so much. Out of mine I pay so much for the above things, while you pay nearly nothing; and this leaves you so much a week for provisions more than it leaves me; and yet my children have good substantial food every day, while yours are sometimes two or three days a week without any. There must be something wrong somewhere."

His *moral conduct* was unexceptionable. For years his enemies watched for his falling, but, by the grace of God, he maintained an unblemished character to the last. No minister of the Lord of life

was ever upheld by the hand of God in a more consistent and blameless life for so long a period. His walk and conversation were an ornament to the pure and sound doctrine he preached; and yet, at times, O the distress and trembling fears he had lest he should be left to fall into some sin, and disgrace the blessed truth of God! such was the working of corrupt nature within, and the feeling sense of his own weakness to stand; but the Lord most graciously held him up, and brought him honourably through all. These things were means, in the hand of God, of making him a powerful and comforting minister of the Spirit of life. Once when a noted minister in Manchester fell into sin, it distressed his soul almost to agony lest he should be permitted to fall into a similar sin. He endured temptations, and suffered trials and afflictions of almost every kind, too numerous to mention, but was upheld and brought safely through all."

He liked to see the children of God, he would often say, able to compare notes with the most pious Arminian. An Arminian once said to him that his doctrines led to licentiousness. "Well, now," said Mr. G., "tell me of some sins that you don't commit, and let me hear how much I shall be behind you." "Well," replied the Arminian, "I don't get drunk." "Nor do I," said Mr. G. "I don't curse and swear." "Nor do I." "I don't cheat." "Nor do I." "I don't lie." "Nor do I, if I know it; but this is only on the negative side; now tell me of something that you do do, as you have told me what you don't do". "Well, I say my prayers." "So do I." "I read the Bible." "So do I." "I go regularly to a place of worship." "So do I." And so they went on, till at length Mr. G. said, "Now you see, I can keep pace with you, and yet I would as soon trust the devil for salvation as the best of all my doings."

He was a zealous and valuable *friend to Sunday Schools.* At his own school he was looked upon and respected as a father, by both teachers and children. When he was younger, he would run about the fields with the children, during their occasional recreations, and was highly delighted to see them enjoying themselves. On one occasion, when defending the school from the hard sayings of several members of the church who had never had any children, he said, "For my part, I like to see the little urchins run and jump about, and now and then give a bit of a shout; it does them good; and you who have no children, bless you, you *should* be quiet; you know nothing about it; what *can* you know?" On another occasion, one of the members was opposing Sunday schools, observing that he did not think it right to teach reading on the Lord's Day. "Indeed!" Mr. Gadsby said. "*You* have children, have you not?" "Yes," the friend replied. "And you send them to a boarding school?" "Yes," was the reply. "Well, now," said Mr. G., "when you are hearing them read the Bible on a Lord's Day, if they pronounce a word wrong, or miss a word, do you correct them?" "Why, yes, certainly," he replied. "So, then," continued Mr. G., "because you can afford to send your children to a

boarding school, they *may* be taught to read correctly on a Lord's Day; but the children of the poor, whose parents cannot afford to send them to a boarding school, must *not* be so taught; now, how can you make that straight?" We need not say he was unable to answer.

As a FATHER, he was exceedingly tender and affectionate; but he would never take his children's part in their presence, even while he knew they were in the right. When they went home, as they sometimes did, with complaints about the unkindness of their masters, he would say to them, "Say nothing about them now; wait till you have apprentices of your own, and then give an opinion." Nevertheless he would often, *unknown to the boys*, wait upon their masters for an explanation respecting the alleged grievance. Though kind in the highest degree, yet he was exceedingly firm. He would not threaten a punishment which he did not inflict, were the offence repeated. Neither of his sons ever ran away and listed for a soldier, as the sons of some good men have. He always said if they did, he certainly would not buy them off until they had had a voyage. Too much indulgence, he believed, was the ruin of hundreds of children, and, acting upon this principle, he always endeavoured to keep his in their proper place. The person with whom one of his sons served his apprenticeship, said he would never have any more apprentices unless they had religious parents, for he had never had any before that, acting under the advice or reproof of their fathers, had done him the same justice as Mr. Gadsby's son had.

When his sons were out of their apprenticeships, and wished to commence business, he always endeavoured to dissuade them until they were older, and had worked a few years as journeymen; and when, at last, they would insist upon commencing, he told them it must be on their own responsibility, and, except a very small sum, with their own funds; and yet when one of them, who had been several years in London, decided, contrary to his father's advice, upon opening an establishment in Manchester, he found that, unknown to him, his father had made a connexion for him, which, under the blessing of Providence, gave him a comfortable income. As the children are all now living, perhaps it would be out of place to speak of the trials that some of them caused him. Suffice it to say, that, having punished, he always forgave them when they confessed their faults, and showed real signs of penitence.

One proof of his *secret* kindness must be mentioned. On one occasion, when one of his sons was greatly distressed for money, his business having increased beyond his capital, the latter being exceedingly limited, he was greatly surprised one day to find that his ever-dear and ever-anxious father had procured for him a sum, without interest, fully equal to his wants. And this was his general character. He would make but few promises to his children, but many performances. How much better is this than making many promises but few performances.

With his kindness and *forbearance* as a HUSBAND, thousands are

acquainted, but for the sake of his poor and still mentally-afflicted widow, a veil must be drawn over this part of his character.

At *begging for the poor*, for chapels, for Sunday schools, or for other good purposes, he certainly excelled. His anecdotes were affecting and interesting. On one occasion he said, "Perhaps some one has made up his mind he will only give so much, and to prevent his giving more has only put that sum in his pocket; but mind, God does not look so much at what is given as at what is left behind; and he knows what there is in the cupboard, and knows how to manage it." When the service was over, a gentleman went to one of the friends at the chapel, and said, "Will you lend me a guinea?" "Lend you a guinea!" said the friend, "what for?" "Why," replied the gentleman, "I heard that Mr. Gadsby was a good beggar, and so I only put half a crown in my pocket, for fear he should get more out of me; but I *must* give a guinea."

In the year 1842, there was a tea meeting held at the Corn Exchange, Manchester, for the benefit of the distressed handloom weavers. A collection was to be made in the course of the evening. Many dissenting ministers were present, but the committee fixed upon Mr. G. to introduce the collection. After making a few affecting remarks upon the distress that existed, he told a number of his usual begging anecdotes, and was certainly that night particularly happy in the relation. When the boxes went round, the committee were surprised to find a considerable number of slips of paper: Ald. —, £2 2s.; and so forth, as though the parties had either forgotten to put any money in their pockets, or had not put enough. Next morning, a dissenting minister called upon one of the committee, and said, "You owe me 7s. 6d." "What for?" was the inquiry. "Why, for putting Mr. G. up to speak last night. I had only intended to give 2s. 6d., but I was forced to put in my name for 10s." Another gentleman said it was almost a robbery, as he durst do nothing less than give two guineas. The sum collected was nearly £80.

Some years ago, when preaching at Rochdale, he told the people that one pound notes would not be allowed to circulate beyond a certain day, which was near at hand; therefore those who had any had better put them in the boxes to get rid of them.

At a friend's house in the country, where he was once staying, a woman came begging. The good woman of the house told her she had nothing for her. "O, mistress," said the beggar, "you must not send me away without giving me something. I'm not one of your new upstart beggars; I'm an old customer." "Mrs. —," exclaimed Mr. G., who had heard the conversation, "if you don't give that woman something, I will, for she's the best beggar I ever heard in my life." When relating this circumstance, he would say, "So, when we go to a throne of grace, we are obliged to go as old customers, as regular paupers; and when we are enabled to go as such, in faith and feeling, our Jesus never turns us away."

Mr. G. was no great friend to Missionary Societies, as he be-

lieved that when God had a work to do, he would raise men up for that work, and find means for sending them out too, as was the case with Jonah, &c. He also considered that there was great fraud practised by some of the missionaries, even in temporal things. Still, in his younger days, he often attended the Missionary meetings, to hear what they had to say. He once attended a meeting at which it was stated, by way of urging the people to give, that for every threehalfpence that was contributed the soul of a heathen was converted, for the missionaries could travel about a mile for that sum, and on an average one heathen was converted every mile that they travelled, and yet for want of means the number of the missionaries could not be increased. Some time subsequently, he attended a meeting of the Society for the Conversion of the Jews, at which some of the speakers piteously lamented the stubbornness of the seed of Abraham, asserting that on an average it took £60 to convert one Jew. The Lord's day following Mr. G. named the circumstance, and said he had been conversing with a great friend to missionary societies, and had asked him if the statements were true that for every threehalfpence contributed the soul of a heathen was converted, and yet that their field of labour was contracted for want of means, while it took £60 to convert a Jew. "Yes," was the reply; "it is true." "Well, now," Mr. G. said, "is the soul of a heathen in the sight of God as precious as the soul of a Jew?" "Certainly," was the reply. "Well, then," he continued, "what fools you must be; as you can convert heathens so cheaply, and yet are short of money, why not leave the Jews to their fate, and turn your exclusive attention to the poor heathen; for, if what you say be true, you could convert hundreds of them with the money that it takes to convert *one* Jew."

For ten or twelve years before his death, Mr. G. was what is called a teetotaller, not that he ever joined the Total Abstinence Society or took the pledge, for he did neither, but he was a teetotaller from principle. He, however, though not a member, was frequently invited to attend their meetings, and the announcement of his name was sure to draw a full meeting. A few years ago, a Mr. Beardsall, Baptist minister, published a tract on total abstinence, in which he portrayed the good that teetotalism had effected. Among other things, he said that it had accomplished more good than even the gospel itself. He sent a copy of the tract to Mr. G., who speedily returned it, accompanied by a note, telling the author that the doctrine he was promulgating was little short of blasphemy. Some time afterwards he was invited to attend a teetotal meeting, at the Corn Exchange, Manchester. The writer of this paragraph was present, and he well remembers how Mr. G. acquitted himself. When the cheers with which he was greeted had subsided, he said, "Mr. Chairman, I am not come here to compromise my principles. (Hear, hear.) Sobriety is a good thing in its place, but it is not religion. (Sensation.) A man may be a sober man, and have no more religion than the devil, (Great sensation,)

and yet I do not believe it possible for a real Christian to live in habitual drunkenness, (Hear, hear,) though he may not be a teetotaller. (Laughter.) And by habitual drunkenness, I'll tell you what I mean. A man may be left, through the power of temptation, or through inadvertence, to get drunk, and disgrace his character, and yet not be an habitual drunkard; and another man may never be absolutely drunk, and yet be a confirmed drunkard. (Cheers.) The man that can regularly take his drops, (Laughter,) and spend his time in an alehouse, smoking his pipe and drinking, that man is a drunkard. (Cheers.) I do not think that our magistrates act as they ought to do, for they rather encourage drunkenness than otherwise. If a man has committed a crime, and pleads that he was drunk, and did not know what he was doing, they either lessen his punishment or let him off altogether; whereas, they ought first to fine him five shillings for being drunk, and punish him for his crime afterwards." (Loud cheers.)

At another meeting, a year or two before this, he was commenting on what were called the Moderationists, a party who allowed people to drink wine, in moderate quantities, but not spirits, either diluted or otherwise. "Let us look at them," said he. "They allow you to take wine. What *is* wine? The juice of the grape mixed with spirits, spirits of wine perhaps, or brandy. So if a man can only afford to mix his brandy with the juice of the grape, they call him a temperate man; but if he cannot afford to do this, and wishes to mix the brandy with a little water, they call him a drunken fellow immediately."

Having on one occasion to walk several miles to preach when the snow was nearly knee deep on the ground, he took with him some gin in a bottle to keep him from perishing. His hands were so cold, however, that he could not draw the cork, so he carried the gin all the way. This he called his "gin-saviour." Probably had he partaken of the gin, it might have caused him to sleep on the road, and perish, as numbers have from the like cause.

At the temperance meetings, Mr. G. often related a circumstance that occurred when he was once in London. He dined with the keeper of a spirit vaults. After dinner they had oranges placed upon the table, when the servant came up stairs and carefully collected the *peel* that had been thrown about. "What is this for?' said Mr. G. "O, it's for the counter," said the host, "to give to the women that they may deceive their husbands a bit."

He would also relate a circumstance that he was once walking some miles with a strong active man, when the man would keep stopping at public houses to get a glass of ale to help him on. Mr. G. took nothing but water, and tried to persuade his companion that he would be better without the ale, but the man would not listen to him. At length his companion said he was so done over, that he must give it up; so Mr. G. walked on and left him behind.

A few hours before he died, he exhorted the friend who attended him to "shun wine as he would shun the devil, for it had been the ruin of many a young man."

As a CITIZEN, says a Manchester paper, "Mr. Gadsby was animated by an enlarged philanthropy. Benevolent, hospitable, and kind to all who needed admonition, advice, or assistance, he was constantly engaged in acts of mercy, and in 'dealing out bread to the hungry.' The poor in the district of his ministerial labours were the daily objects of his commiseration and aid; and their temporal relief as well as spiritual instruction was never lost sight of in his visits to their dwellings. As a minister of the gospel he claimed the rights of citizenship, and uniformly exercised those rights for the benefit of his fellow-men. He was the friend of freedom, civil and religious; and the inhabitants of Manchester have had frequent opportunities of listening to his withering denunciations of tyranny and oppression and to his manly and vigorous argumentation in support of liberty. The able and energetic part he took against Sir James Graham's Education Bill will not soon be forgotten."

We are aware that in touching upon this subject we shall give offence to some of Mr. G.'s friends, who could not agree with him in the part he took in the political world; but having undertaken the publication of this Memoir, we do not see how we can faithfully discharge our conscience, without giving his character in this respect as well as in any other. We wish "nothing to extenuate." Though it should by some be counted a blemish in his character, yet still it must be given; and, having the word of God on their side, we are quite certain that the great bulk of his friends will give a verdict in his favour. But this weighed nothing with him. He had the testimony of a good conscience in what he did, knowing that he did "unto others as he would they should do unto him." When he saw the monster Oppression rear its head, no matter in what shape or from what quarter, he fearlessly raised his voice against it. In this respect he may truly have been said to have "loved his neighbour as himself." He knew that it was the duty of "the righteous to consider the cause of the poor," (Prov. xxix. 7,) that they that "oppressed the poor reproached their Maker," (Prov. xiv. 31,) and therefore he "opened his mouth, judged righteously, and pleaded the cause of the poor." (Prov. xxxi. 9.)

In all public or national matters, therefore, he invariably took the side of the oppressed, except in the case of Catholic Emancipation, which he felt it his duty to oppose. So earnest was he in opposing this bill, that he was at one time in considerable danger of being assassinated. While preaching, stones were thrown at him through the chapel windows; and on going home, he was generally protected by friends. He subsequently, however, learned that the Church of England had been a greater persecutor of the Catholics and Dissenters than ever the Catholics, in this country at least, had of Protestants.

In 1819, he took part with the poor handloom weavers of Manchester, in petitioning Parliament for a repeal of the Corn Laws. In that year, it will be remembered, the "watch and ward" was called out; that is, the inhabitants had, in turn, to parade the streets during the night, to preserve the peace. Mr. Gadsby attended one or two nights, when he took the opportunity of stating his views of our bishops and Church clergy, showing his fellow-watchmen that the cry of "Church and King," which was then so very prevalent, meant nothing more than "Church and fat livings." After this, the summoning officer always told him, when it was his turn, that he was "excused."

In 1821, the memorable proceedings connected with Queen Caroline were going on. Mr. Gadsby attended a public meeting on the subject,

and made a speech in behalf of the injured Queen, which many who are still living well remember. It was for this speech that Messrs. T. and R. P. sent him £5, as named in one of the anecdotes. He also preached a sermon on the "Nature and Design of the Marriage Union," in which he adverted to the same subject, and which he afterwards published. While preaching this sermon, some of the constables of the town were standing on the gallery stairs, to catch his words; but no improper language escaped his lips.

Some time after this, Mr. G. was in a friend's shop at Brighton, when one of the sermons was lying on the counter. While there, the late Duke of York entered the shop, and seeing the title of the sermon, he took it up, and read for some little time. The master of the shop made sure that the Duke's patronage would be lost to him; but, while anticipating a lecture from his Grace, he quietly laid down the sermon, without a remark.

It is said that the clergymen of the Collegiate Church, Manchester, were wishful to enter an action against Mr. G. for some remarks contained in the sermon, but when they consulted one of the principal fellows, the late eccentric Joshua Brookes, he replied, "Why, he has the word of God on his side, and what can you do?"

This same Mr. Brookes is reported to have been once reading the burial service over a corpse, when a sweep got on the churchyard wall, to watch the ceremony. When Joshua had read the words, "And I heard a voice from heaven, saying," he lifted up his eyes and saw the sweep, when, forgetting what he was about, he exclaimed, "Knock that black fellow off that wall," which sounded rather strange after the word "saying." Whether this be true or not we cannot tell, but certain it is that Mr. G. penned some verses on the subject, which were published by one of his deacons, Mr. Thomson, bookseller, but to which Mr. G. did not append his name. Joshua entered an action against Mr. T. for libel, and obtained damages, because he would not give up the author's name.

A member of Mr. G.'s had a grave in the churchyard. Going to bury a child, some one whispered to Joshua that the father was a Baptist. "Has this child ever been baptized?" inquired Joshua. "It's never been sprinkled," replied Peter. "O, sprinkled, do you call it?" rejoined the parson; "then I won't read the burial service over it." "Very well," said Peter. "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord," said Joshua. "Amen!" exclaimed Peter, and went away much better pleased than if the mummery of the burial service had been gone through.

The voluntary principle in support of religion had his decided support. To make any person pay for the support of a religion which the man believed to be a false one, he considered unjust and unscriptural. Church-rates he opposed, and was almost sure to be present at any town's meeting called to oppose their being levied. A religion that required the support of the State to uphold it, he believed could not be the religion of the Son of God; for God declares in his word that he "hates robbery for burnt offering." On the 5th of March, 1834, he attended a public meeting called for the purpose of petitioning Parliament respecting the grievances of Dissenters. At this meeting "he said he was a real Dissenter—not a milk-and-water one—a Dissenter from all church establishments except one, the general assembly of the church of the first-born. With this church he stood in perfect union, and all other establishments he considered to be the invention of the devil."

The last public meeting that Mr. Gadsby ever attended, was held in

the Great Hall, Manchester, April 21, 1843, at which nearly 8000 persons were present. The object of the meeting was to oppose Sir James Graham's Education Bill. At this meeting, Mr. Gadsby said, "He should like to know, if the civil and religious institution which this bill proposed was to be under the Church clergy, what part of that clergy must have it. He dared say that they would find four or five sorts in this town alone. He remembered that in the town in which he had resided before he came here, there was only one parish church and two clergymen—the vicar and his curate. He had to take, on one occasion, (in 1801,) his wife's brother's corpse to be buried; and as they were preparing it, the sexton came to him, and said they must not bring it before the bell tolled, as the vicar was out of town, and the curate was ill in bed. The fact was, the curate was in bed intoxicated; and they knew the character of the vicar so well, that he would not come home sober, if he could get any one to make him drunk. He (Mr. Gadsby) thought that the corpse would be as quiet in the grave as if their mummeries were said over it; and so he said, 'Well, if you will throw some earth over it, I daresay we can do without them both.' They carried it to the grave, when the vicar's lady came out in a great panic. She said, 'Surely you are not going to bury him like a dog!' so she had the curate got out of bed, drunk as he was, wrapped him in his surplice, and brought him to the grave. He said, 'Ladies and Gentlemen, I am so ill that, had it not been a case of emergency, I should not have been able to get up and say the service over the body.' 'The less you say,' said he (Mr. Gadsby), 'the better;' and, accordingly, the body was buried. Now, he had to preach at his chapel; and, when he arrived, he found that he was about twenty minutes after his time; so he told the congregation what had kept him; and a woman, the aunt of the corpse, said, 'Aye, Sir, and as I was coming here, I met the rector going home drunk, between two men.' Now, he asked, was it to such men as these, of whom it was not long since that the greater portion of the clergy was composed, that the education of their children was to be committed? Besides, if it were to be given to any class,—to Churchmen or Wesleyans, to Independents or Baptists, or to any denomination,—he (Mr. Gadsby) would oppose it. He was a Baptist; how, then, could he allow his children to be taught that they were made 'children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven' by being christened? When he saw men involved in gaming, horse-racing, cock-fighting, tumults, and all manner of wickedness, could he believe them to be 'children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven?' In conclusion, he said he would oppose this monstrous bill."

The following verses appear in the *Christian Magazine* for 1793. The reply is believed to be Mr. Gadsby's, as, in addition to having his initials, it appears to be his style, and as it was about this time that he began to read and expound the word of God.

A RECEIPT FOR THE PARSONIC ITCH.

"A youth, to gain himself a name,
Was busy hunting after fame;
He went about and made a noise,
And thought he'd great abilities.
'Tis my delight,' said he, 'to teach;
With life and spirit I would preach;
Nor comfort shall I ever see,
Except I can a parson be.

Oft in the day my fancy's led
To dream, as though I were in bed;
Methinks I in the pulpit be,
And numbers round admiring me.'
"Dear youth, thou art diseased, I see,
And I will now prescribe to thee
A remedy: be sure thou try,
And thou wilt gain some good thereby:

Of all things, then, beware of pride,
And vain applause, lay it aside;
Entreat the Lord to humble thee, [see:
That thou may'st thine own weakness
Don't think to preach, till from above,
Thou find'st the Holy Spirit move;
For if he call he'll bring thee through,
And gifts and grace on thee bestow.
Dear lad, I fear thou art too bold;
See what the saints endured of old:
The prophets and apostles too,
What seas of blood did they pass thro'!
If thou in preaching wilt proceed,
Of sinful motives then take heed;
Many have preach'd, and wonders
wrought,
And scandal on the gospel brought:
Dreadful the day when these shall rise
To meet Jehovah in the skies;
A world in flames, a cursing God!
Now listen to his speaking rod.
What myriads with a voice shall say,
'Ye burning rocks, now, now give way,
On you, on you we loudly call,
Arise, descend, and on us fall:
We prophesied, we preached below,
But now to hell at length we go,
There to receive eternal doom.
Because we did on grace presume.'
"Young man, be wise, & think on this,
Lest thou shouldst fail of endless bliss;
Look to thy ways, ere the great God
Require from thee the people's blood."

"TO THE AUTHOR OF THE 'RECEIPT FOR THE PARSONIC ITCH.'

"Strange to my friend though this may
seem,
I lately dreamt another dream;
I thought I preached bold, 'tis true;
But now, my friend, I'll preach to you.
"Judge not too hastily, my friend,
To Christ's command pray do attend;
It seems his words you had forgot;
He says to thee, 'O man, judge not.'
Your own defects could you but see,
You would perhaps more humble be.
Your brother's faults, how prone to spy;
Perhaps your own are passed by.
Do you behold a mote? ah, why
So plain in a poor brother's eye?
Perhaps a beam is in your own,
Although to you it be unknown.
"Are you a preacher? still preach on,
But with condemning, pray have done;
Learn with all meekness to reprove,
And let your cautions be in love.
Be not censorious, yet be bold;
Be gentle, generous; do not scold.
Preach Christ and his unchanging love,
And God will of your works approve.
Preach faithfully the word of life,
But, Sir, be not too fond of strife.
Sow not discord, but pray attend
To my advice; there's room to mend.
Those who are not 'gainst Christ the
Lord,
Are for him, he himself declared.
Contend for truth with all your might,
But mind to judge of truth aright.
Be faithful in your Master's cause,
Nor mind poor mortal man's applause.
"Dear Sir, do let me know your name,
That I may spread abroad your fame.
I am, good Sir, you know, a youth;
I'm not ashamed to write the truth;
This is a truth, I plainly see,
Too bold for truth I cannot be.
This I can say, my friend, by grace,
That your receipt suits not my case.

"W. G."

HIS LAST DAYS.

For several months before Mr. G. died, his breathing had at times been much affected, so that it was with difficulty he could walk to the chapel, and latterly he had been unable to walk more than a very short distance. The last place at which he preached, except at his own chapel, was Upper Mill, Saddleworth, on the 17th December. While there, his illness was very severe; so much so, that on his return home he told his family that Mr. B. was afraid he was going to die there, and that he had said to him, "You never were so glad to get rid of me in your life." The last thoughts that he committed to paper for the press were his Remarks on the Advantages of Sunday Schools, for the first number of the *Sunday School Visitor.*

The late separation from his church had certainly preyed much upon

his mind, though not nearly so much as the one in 1823; and though he had long anticipated it, for he had seen a leaven working for nearly three years, that is, since Mr. Wells's first visit to Manchester, yet when it came it caused an evident change in his health. He thought the Lord dealt hardly with him. But God was wiser than he, for he lived to see those separated from them who, had they been left in the church after his decease, would certainly have been grievous troublers, and would doubtless have sooner or later succeeded in having ministers to supply, whose doctrines, or at least some of them, were inimical to the feelings of the great majority of the members that now remain. But he was much reconciled to the event for several months before his death, and desired to leave it wholly in the hands of the Lord.

The week before the one in which he died, his poor wife had been unusually troublesome and harassing. This he named in a letter to Mr. Warburton, written on the 18th or 19th of January, adding that he had been much put about, and that his "breathing was very bad." On the Lord's Day (21st) he preached as usual. His text was Isa. xliii. 2: "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." The last head on which he dwelt in the morning was, "The last flood that a child of God has to contend with is Death." In the evening, he spoke of good old Abraham wanting a place in which to bury his dead, and remarked, it would soon be said of him, "Let me bury my dead out of my sight." In going to the chapel in the evening, he said he certainly could not survive many more such days as that, and was on the point of desiring the cabman to turn back. He was unable to give out the hymns, except the last, and was so exhausted at the close that many of his friends felt persuaded he had preached his last sermon. Just before giving out the last hymn he said, "I have once more proved the devil a liar, for as I was coming to the chapel in the morning he told me it was of no use coming, for I should not be able to preach from want of strength, both of body and mind; but I *have* preached, you see." In his concluding prayer he prayed that the Lord would have mercy on the young and rising generation, and that he would raise many of them up to call him blessed, "when our old heads are laid in the grave."

He had always expressed a desire that, if it were the Lord's will, he might not be laid long aside when he came to die, but that strength might be given him to preach to the last; and how mercifully was this desire granted! (Prov. x. 24.) Not a single Lord's day passed over. He was taken to his eternal rest before another dawned.

For many years back, when solicited by friends in the country to visit them, even at the expense of his not going to London, he has been often heard to say he believed he should go to London once a year as long as he lived. This year he had determined upon *not* going to London, but visiting his friends in the country. He did not live, however, to do so.

In September he gave his landlord (or his agent) notice of his intention to quit the house in March, which was certainly singular, as he had lived there upwards of seventeen years.

His poor dear wife, whose mental affliction for twenty-two years had been such a trial to him, but who, prior to that period, had been a kind and affectionate partner, had for some months treated his illness as though it were a matter of no moment; and even on the Monday before he died, when he was much worse, she charged him with acting the hy-

pocrite; that is, that he was only pretending to be ill. This is named to give some idea of what the dear man had had to endure for so long a period; though none but himself was fully acquainted with it.

On the 22nd January he wrote a letter to his son John, who was then at Bath, desiring him to authorize his London agent to give some of his works to a minister from America, for distribution there. This was the last letter he ever wrote.

His complaint was an affection of the lungs, a disease at all times formidable, but increased in the present instance by inflammation.

On Tuesday morning he took to his bed, and said if he were not better on Wednesday morning, he should give himself up. One of his members, a Mr. Smith, surgeon, attended him, and in the evening was joined by Mr. G.'s family surgeon, Mr. Boutflower. The family wished him to have a physician, but he said, "No, I want no physician; if they cannot do, nobody shall." Mr. G. said it would be a blessed meeting when all the family of God met above. "Aye," Mr. Smith replied, "it will." He was bled and had a blister applied to his chest, after which he seemed a little easier, and could breathe rather more freely.

In the night of Tuesday, as one of his members, Mr. Ashworth, who for months had been very kind to him, assisting him to dress &c., lay by his side, he began to quote the 61st chapter of Isaiah, and comment on it. "It was the broken heart, not the whole heart, that wanted binding up; it was the captives that wanted liberty, not those that were free, that could believe when they liked, and rejoice when they liked; it was the mourners that wanted comforting, and that should be called Trees of Righteousness, aye, and blessed trees too, for they were of the Lord's planting; it was an everlasting covenant, not an uncertain one; not one of the church would be missing, there would be as many heads as crowns, and as many crowns as heads, otherwise the covenant would not be complete; they should be known among the Gentiles, and acknowledged that they are the seed that the Lord has blessed; there was a mark on their foreheads; the writer had gone out with his inkhorn, and set a mark upon them;" (Ezek. ix. 4;) and he dwelt particularly and remarkably sweetly on the 7th and 10th verses, adding that God would be glorified by them, and, said he, "What poor worms He has to be glorified by!"

On Wednesday he asked Mr. A. to read the chapter, and said it had been blessed to his soul the night before. He continued during the day in much the same strain. He said he did not believe he should get better, and he did not think the doctors knew how bad he was. In the course of the day, he said, "If I do get to glory, O how I will shout, and nobody shall stop me."

Several friends called on Wednesday to offer their services to sit up with him, &c. He said to Mr. Ashworth, "If you cannot stand three or four nights, tell John Hoyle we shall be glad of his assistance; but if you can, tell him we are equally obliged to him, but we shall not require him." Shortly afterwards he said, "Tell the friends to write to Macclesfield, (where he was engaged for March 10th,) and say they must get another parson, for they won't have me."

On Wednesday night he had no sleep; indeed, he never did more than dose afterwards, except a little on Saturday.

In the night he spoke of the mystical church. It was only one body. Whatever divisions there might be in the church below, there would be none in the church above. All would be right at last. He spoke of the three persons in the Godhead, and of their distinct offices; of the enemy

coming in like a flood—a flood of errors, a flood of temptations, &c.; of the Standard and the Standard-bearer. Christ was the Standard-bearer. "No," he afterwards said, "I made a mistake. Christ is the *Standard*, and the Holy Ghost is the *Standard-bearer;* and where this Standard is lifted up by this Standard-bearer, the floods of the enemy are all driven back."

On Thursday morning he was unable to wash himself. He tried to do so, sitting up in bed, but could not, and said, "What a poor thing! I must give it up. How gradually I am going." When Mr. A. had washed him, he lay down again, and said, "What a poor worm I am come to, but I shall soon be shouting, Victory for ever, *for ever!*"

On Wednesday evening Mr. Boutflower* said to him, "You must have a little patience, Mr. Gadsby; but I need not say anything to you about that; you have philosophy enough for that without my advice." Referring to this on Thursday, Mr. G. said, "Philosophy patience! I have been thinking about it, John, (Mr. Ashworth's name, not his son John, he being absent from town through ill health.) What a difference there is between philosophy patience and the sweet patience that Christ bedews into the souls of his poor afflicted people! At the best, philosophy is but man's work, however bright it is; but Christ's patience that he bestows is sweet, and under all pains it is comforting to the soul, and makes them light when Christ's presence is enjoyed."

The housekeeper came into the room with some coal, when the door made a noise. He said "it wanted a little oil, and there was no doing without oil for anything. When Christ applies the oil to our hearts it is sweetly suppling, and all then goes on well."

On Thursday afternoon Mr. Kershaw called, with one of the deacons. He said to Mr. K., "My preaching is over." Mr. K. asked him how he felt. He said Christ appeared glorious—a glorious Christ, and attempted to speak much of his glory; but Mr. K. begged of him not to try to speak, because of his cough and breathing, and he would talk to him about his glorious Christ. Mr. K. then spoke of Christ in his various offices, his beauty, his sufferings, his relationship, his glory, &c., to which Mr. G. added a loud and hearty Amen. Mr. K. asked him if he felt him to be precious, and he said he did. Mr. K. read Isaiah xii. and Psalm xxiii., and he again added aloud his hearty Amen. He said the verse of a hymn had been much on his mind before his sickness came. Hymn 237, verse 3rd:

"(Tis to credit contradictions;
Talk with him one never sees;
Cry and groan beneath afflictions;
Yet to dread the thoughts of ease;
'Tis to feel the fight against us,
Yet the victory hope to gain;
To believe that Christ has cleansed us,
Though the leprosy remain."

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* Mr. Boutflower is a member of the Church of England, but appears to have been very much attached to Mr. Gadsby. He often says he loved to be in his company, for his conversation was always interesting and instructing. Mr. B. once said to him, "With all our medicine, Mr. Gadsby, we cannot make old men into young ones." "No," replied Mr. G.; "but you make many young men into old ones." Mr. B.'s attachment to him was not merely as his medical attendant, which is so much the case with the faculty, but as a friend, and his death was felt by him as such.

Some of the friends wished to know what must be done with respect to a few that had had notice if they did not fill up their places in the church prior to the next church meeting they would be separated. "Tell them, John," he said, "to separate them; they will only be a trouble to you; and let one or two others be watched, for they will be wanting to bring in supplies that will cause divisions amongst you." He had no personal feeling against them, but he knew their enmity to sound experimental truth,* and he knew that, if they had opportunity, they would cause trouble to the church which lay so near his heart. Their conduct, in secretly aiding those who had more openly shown themselves in the recent division, had embittered his life for several months.

On Thursday night he would get up till the bed was made, but was soon anxious to get into bed again. He said, "How fast I go! I could not have believed my strength would have gone so fast." While being rubbed, he said, "What poor worms we are!" A second blister was put on his chest. He was very restless. He said he had no sleep about him. At two o'clock a composing draught was given him, but he got no rest. He took a cup of tea, and seemed a little easier. He said, "I am very restless, but what are *my* sufferings to *His?*" He seemed much concerned about Mr. A. losing his rest, and wished him to get into bed. The blister was taken off at four o'clock, (Friday morning,) and he was rubbed with a liniment. His breathing was worse about six o'clock, and he moaned. Mr. A. asked him if he could get him anything. "No," he said, "I want to feel the blessed power of Christ." Before seven o'clock, (Friday morning,) he wished to be washed. This done, he lay down again, and said it had made him feel a little more comfortable.

On Friday morning one or two friends were allowed to see him, and one engaged in prayer. In his prayer the friend said, "Grant that his spirit may depart in peace;" to which Mr. G. responded, "Amen." When they were gone, he said the friends did not know how ill he was.

The deacons sent up for a little advice. "Tell them," he said, "my days for advice are over. They must look to the Lord. He is the best adviser."

In the afternoon (Friday) he wanted to get up, but was told he must not, but should be moved to the other side of the bed, when perhaps he would get a little rest. "Nay," he said, "there is no more rest for me here." The liniment caused him pain. His eldest son was with him during part of Friday night; but he seemed uneasy until he had left, evidently fearing if he said much it would cause him grief. Mr. A. got up about two o'clock, (Saturday morning,) and removed the flannel that had been applied to his side with an embrocation, and asked him if he felt any particular pain. He said, "No, nothing particular;" but his breathing became more and more difficult. Mr. A. asked him if he could do anything to relieve him; he said, "No, John." Mr. A. gave him a cup of tea, after which he became exceedingly restless, and, fastening his eyes on Mr. A., he said, "O John, what it is to be in darkness! I want to feel Christ's presence. The reason of my darkness and not sleeping has just come to my mind. I have not been liberal enough to the poor." Mr. A. said, "Mr. Gadsby, I am a living witness that Satan has brought an accu-

* To show that Mr. G. was right in his judgment, it may be here named, that while Mr. Warburton was supplying at the chapel in June and July, after Mr. G.'s death, one of the few alluded to by Mr. G. said, "We do not want such old woman's tales as these."

sation on the tenderest part of your feelings. There is nothing you could have been accused of that you were less guilty of than of neglecting the poor. I have been giving money for you this week that you knew nothing of. You ordered me to send half a load of potatoes and a piece of bacon to ——, which I have done, besides other things. The poor will miss you more than any other man living. This I am a living witness of." It ought to be remarked that for some months Mr. G. had entrusted Mr. A. with the relieving of the poor, and therefore Mr. A. knew well what Mr. G. had done for them, both out of his own pocket and out of funds furnished by friends. This anxiety no doubt arose from a report that had been circulated by some of the party who had been separated from the church, that Mr. G. had neglected the poor, and one person was named as an instance. On inquiry, however, it was found that the poor woman alluded to had never stated any such thing, but *quite the reverse*. Her daughter, who is still living, and can speak to the truth of it, was waited upon at the time, and expressed her astonishment. "O," she said, "if my poor mother could come out of her grave and hear it! It is most outrageous. What lying, malicious people they are! (that is, the party who had separated.) Mr. Gadsby and the friends were always uncommonly kind to her." At the time, the report dwelt so much upon Mr. G.'s mind, that he could not help naming the circumstance from the pulpit one Lord's day morning. But to return.

"When I get home," Mr. G. said— "You are at home," Mr. A. replied. Am I?" he said, "am I in my own room?" Mr. A. said, "Yes, you are." He then paused, and said, "Is it possible?" Mr. A. asked him if he was sensible. "Yes," he said, "but I feel so moidered and mauled." After this he lay a little quiet, and then said, "The last flood is death, and that is come." Mr. A. said, "You seem a little more still." He said, "Yes; get into bed. If I cannot sleep, *you* must." Mr. A. then got into bed, but he continued very restless, and at length suddenly turned round and took hold of Mr. A.'s arm. "O, John," he said, "what it is to be in darkness of mind!" Mr. A. observed a great change in him, and said, "I think you are worse." "I don't know that I am," he replied, "but there is no trouble like soul trouble." Mr. A. asked him, "Shall I get up and get you some tea?" "No," he said, "I am a deal of trouble to you." His speech seemed now nearly gone, his words being very indistinct. This was about six o'clock on Saturday morning. Mr. A. sent for his family. About eight o'clock, the Lord appeared to break into his soul. He said something about prayer, and desired that his poor wife should come up stairs. He then wished the 12th chapter of Romans to be read, during the reading of which he raised himself up in bed, and was supported by one of his daughters. She asked him if he wanted to get up. "No," he said, "I will go to prayer." He then in the most solemn manner went to prayer, but all were too much affected to remember his words. He prayed for the church, and for his family, that they might be kept low at the feet of Jesus, that he would appear for them, that the fear of the Lord might be lively in their hearts, that they might be blessed with a tender conscience, that they might be kept from pride, and that they might know nothing but Christ; and concluded in his usual manner, "A-men —and—a-men! Every word was broken, and every syllable so vibrated through his body, that his daughter, who was supporting him, felt it distinctly at his back. He then sunk down, and shortly afterwards said, "There is no religion without power." Mr. A. said, "You are not so

uneasy now as you were in the night. You have had a merciful visit from Christ to your soul." "I have," he said, as distinctly as he was able, "and it *was* merciful." Mr. A. said, "We have seen the power of religion this morning in your soul." "You have," he replied. "It was evident it was the power of the Spirit," Mr. A continued, "for I never thought of you speaking again, and yet you prayed so distinctly. We may say we have heard a dead man pray, for you were as good as dead." "You may," he said; "there is nothing too hard for Christ; he is the mighty God—from everlasting to everlasting. He *was* precious, he *is* precious." And then, raising his left hand, for his right was cold and motionless, he exclaimed, "Victory! victory! victory!" Mr. A. said, "You can sleep now that you have had a sweet visit from your precious Christ." "Yes," he replied. Mr. A. said, "It shows the power the enemy had over you this morning, and the sweet deliverance you have had." "Yes, yes," he replied. He then went to sleep, and slept a short time. When he awoke about two o'clock, Mr. A. asked him if he wanted anything. "No," he replied. "Are you sensible?" Mr. A. asked. "Yes," he answered. Mr. A. then said, "Now, Mr. Gadsby, you are a dying man; do you feel that that Rock, Christ, that you have so sweetly spoken of, is sufficient to support you through the swellings of Jordan?" "I do," he replied. "You can leave us none of these sweet visits, nor any of these precious manifestations that you have had to your soul." "No." "You have often spoken to your dying friends that they would not want to come back. Shall you want to come back?" "No." "You will leave us nothing but your corruptible body." "No; there is no religion, John, without power." He was evidently now sinking fast. A little very weak wine and water was put on his tongue to moisten it. "Wine!" he said, "it has ruined many a young man. Shun it, John, as you would shun the devil." Mr. A. said, "Do you feel in that comfortable frame of mind you did when you went to prayer? Do you feel Christ's presence?" "Not with that power that I could wish," he replied; "but unto them which believe he is precious." Mr. A. said, "You believe?" "Yes," he replied. "Is he precious to you?" "Yes," he firmly replied—"King, Immanuel, Redeemer, all glorious!" "You will soon have done here." "I shall soon be with him, shouting, Victory! victory! victory! (raising his hand) for ever." Shortly afterwards he said, "Free grace, free grace, free grace!" And then, about three minutes to six o'clock, being Saturday evening, January 27th, he looked at Mr. A., smiled, and fell asleep in his precious Jesus without a struggle, without moving hand, or foot, or head.

During the last three days of his illness he felt very anxious to speak his mind fully, but was unable, from his cough and oppressed breathing; and even the expressions that have been gathered were uttered so feebly, that it required the greatest attention to catch the words. The distinctness of his prayer on Saturday morning seemed little short of miraculous.

As there was some little fever upon him at the time of his death, Mr. Smith, surgeon, advised that the interment should not be delayed longer than was really necessary, and stated that it would not be well for any friends to be allowed to see him after Tuesday. To the surprise of the family, however, every day the body became more and more like the living man; and even on the morning of the interment, Friday, February 2nd, when the coffin was closed, there was no perceptible change. A smile was on the countenance, and the features altogether had a placid appearance.

In his desk was found a slip of paper, containing the following in his own handwriting:

"Let this be put on my stone:

"Here rests the body of a sinner base,
Who had no hope but in electing grace;
The love, blood, life, and righteousness of God
Was his sweet theme, and this he spread abroad."

This is, of course, inscribed on his tombstone, as he wished.

The body was interred in the morning of February 2nd, in Vault No. 1450, Rusholme Road Cemetery. "The hearse was preceded by many hundred friends of the deceased, on foot, four abreast, and followed by eleven mourning coaches, and thirty other coaches. Within the cemetery ground there were from two to three thousand persons assembled, to witness the last sad and solemn rites performed, and thousands of people lined the streets along which the procession passed, vast numbers of whom were evidently deeply affected. In compliance with instructions made in Mr. Gadsby's will, the funeral was 'plain, without any extravagant pomp or parade.' The family wore no hatbands; but there were, nevertheless, great numbers present who wore hatbands. Mr. Warburton, of Trowbridge, (the first minister ever sent out from Mr. Gadsby's church, and the first person he baptized in Manchester,) was invited to officiate at the funeral; but being unable to attend, Mr. Kersbaw of Rochdale, supplied his place."—*Manchester Times*, Feb. 3, 1844.

Mr. Gadsby published the following works: "The Gospel the Believer's Rule of Conduct." "The Present State of Religion." "A Dream." "A Catechism." "A Christmas-Box for Children." "An Everlasting Task for Arminians." "'Doctrinal Antinomianism Refuted,' Entangled in its own maze." "The Nazarene's Songs." "A Selection of Hymns for Public Worship." "The Perfect Law of Liberty, or the Glory of God Revealed in the Gospel." "Gawthorn brought to the Test." "A Sermon, occasioned by the late Proceedings in the House of Lords against the Queen." "Remarks on the Causes of Starvation." "An Address to the Regenerated Church of Christ." "A New Year's Gift for the Seed Royal." "Christ the Believer's Breakwater." "Sandemanianism Weighed in the Balance and Found Wanting." "The Long-Suffering of God." "Zion, the City of Solemnities." "The Manchester Festival and its Patronizing Clergy, and all such like, dissected by the Knife of God's Truth." "A Dialogue, supposed to have taken place in a Female Penitentiary, between Three Inmates, a Female Visitor, and the Matron."

CONCLUSION.

In concluding this Memoir, we cannot refrain from expressing our regret that we ever undertook it. Many of Mr. Gadsby's friends were anxious that some account of his life should be published, as scarcely any one knew even the date of his birth. With the account of his natural life, we have no reason to be dissatisfied, but our information respecting his spiritual life, the first work of God upon his soul, his call to the ministry, &c., is so scanty as to be scarcely worth preserving. Indeed, no one but himself could have acceptably written this. The Memoir is now, however, before his friends, and we beg of them to be sparing in their criticism, as we have done the best we could.

Should any of our readers discover any inaccuracies or call to mind the omission of any particulars which ought to have been recorded, a letter to that effect addressed to the publisher will be gratefully received.

The various circumstances are not, perhaps, so well arranged as they might have been, but this has been caused by the fact of much information having come to hand after the first parts were published.

There are one or two errors in the first part which it is necessary to correct.

In page 28 it is stated that Mr. Edmonds was present at Mr. G.'s ordination. An aged friend at Liverpool, who was a member with Mr. Edmonds at Birmingham, assures us that this is not correct, but that it was Mr. Aston who was appointed to check Mr. G., if he advanced any extraneous matter. He also states that Mr. Edmonds was of a very respectable family, and not a mountebank, but simply an amateur actor.

In page 29 it is stated that Desford Chapel was built in 1802. This is an error. It was in 1800. This chapel is out of debt, the last sum owing, £30, having been paid by Mr. G. shortly after his removal to Manchester.

Before Mr. G. went to Desford, he preached alternate Lord's Days for about twelve months at Bedworth and Hinckley, but gave up Bedworth on account of one of the deacons. This deacon caused the people a deal of trouble, refusing to sign the new trust deed, &c., until on his deathbed, when he relented, and signed.

In page 29 it is stated that "there seemed to be a better spirit of hearing at Desford than at Hinckley, as Mr. G. generally preached twice there on the Lord's Day, and at Hinckley only once." Now the fact appears to be that when he preached at Hinckley in the morning, he went over to Desford and preached afternoon and evening; and when he preached at Desford in the morning, he preached afternoon and evening at Hinckley; and this was on alternate Lord's Days.

Samuel Smith's house, in which Mr. G. first engaged in prayer, was at Coventry, and not at Attleborough, as stated in page 19.

The Hinckley chapel had, some years ago, to be sold, as the people were not able to carry it on, in consequence of the misappropriation of the money named in page 29. The person who misappropriated the money did not die what is called a natural death. A few people now meet again in part of the old barn, which has been fitted up for the purpose. The other part has been converted into cottages.

The last sermon that Mr. G. preached at Hinckley was on September 29th, 1805.

The chapel at Manchester, as appears from the church books, was considerably in debt when Mr. G. was settled there. We have ascertained that the debt was upwards of £500.

From 1807 to 1812, the increase of members appears to have been very great, being from five to ten every month, many of them from other churches.

On the 2d March, 1821, it was agreed that £100 should be given to the York-street people for the deeds; so that it would appear that until this time the church had not absolute possession.

JAN 2 1900

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